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BLACK HOOD

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MAGAZINE



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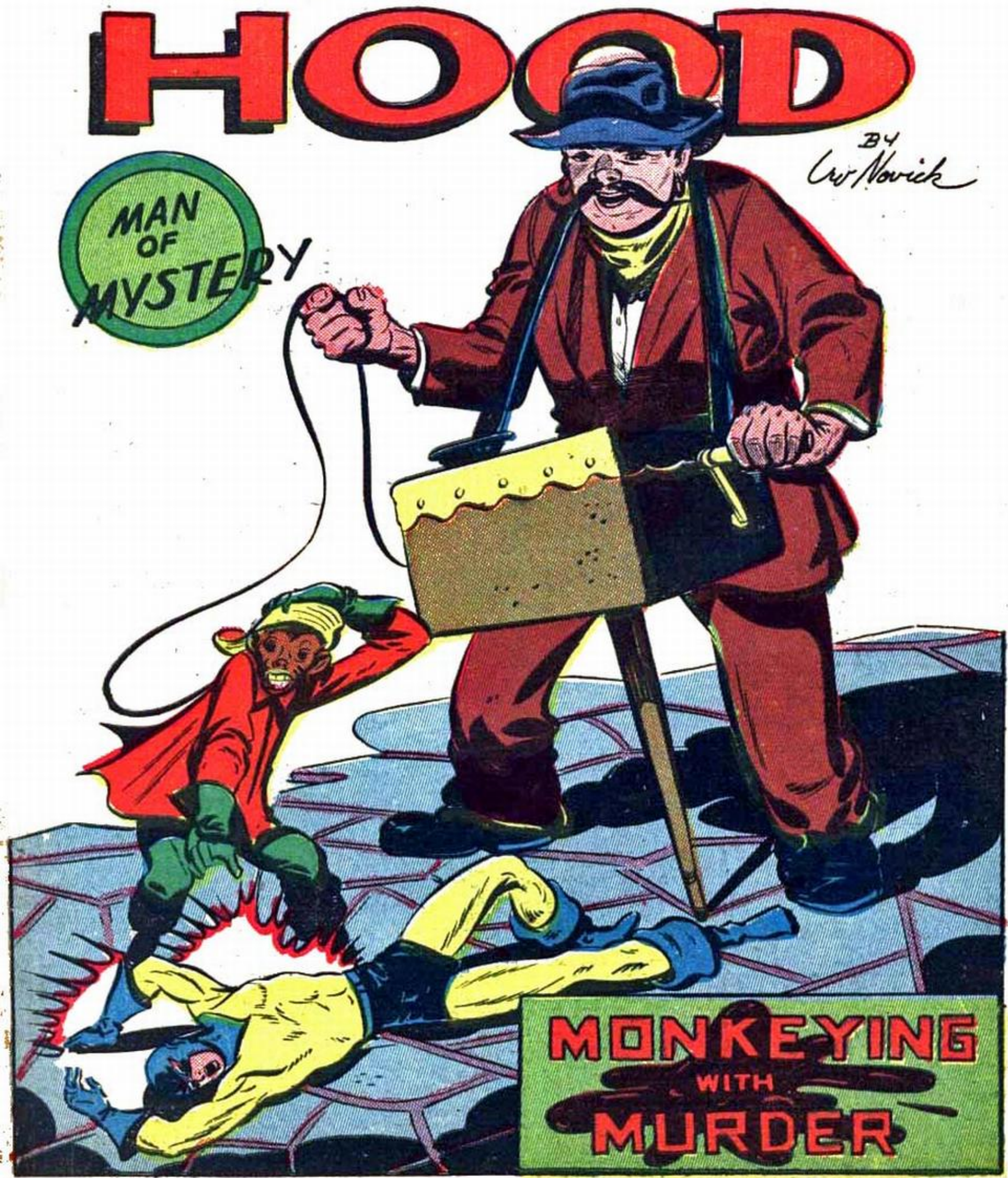
City & State.....

BLACK HOOD COMICS, Fall, 1944, Volume 1, Number 12. Published quarterly by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 Hoboken Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Editorial offices: 241 Church Street, New York, 10, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted, 1944 by M. L. J. Magazines. Yearly subscription, 40c in the U. S. A. Single copies 10c. No actual person is named or designated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York, 10, N. Y.

Phy Black HOOD

BY
Leo Novick

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



MONKEYING
WITH
MURDER

ON PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND'S BEAT, A VERY AMUSING SCENE DELIGHTS THE KIDDIES-AND KIP BURLAND



HA!
HA!



BOY! THAT'S A SMART MONK MAKE HIM DO SOME MORE TRICKS, MISTER

YOU BETCHA! YOU WANT A DA SMOKE, JOCKO?



LOOKIT THAT - BLOWIN' SMOKE RINGS! AIN'T THAT SLICK?



NOW HE'S STRUTTING - HE'S GOOD AND HE KNOWS IT!



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, KIDDIES. NOW JOCKO MUSTA GO TO WORK



FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW HOPS JOCKO, MAKING HIS COLLECTION, UNTIL AT LAST--

THAT'S A REAL CLEVER MONKEY YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER



YES-A!
GOOD-A
BYE, NOW!

SO LONG, JOCKO. HOPE I SEE YOU AGAIN



SAY---THAT'S FUNNY!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MONKEY'S PAW? IT FEELS HOT RIGHT THROUGH THE GLOVE



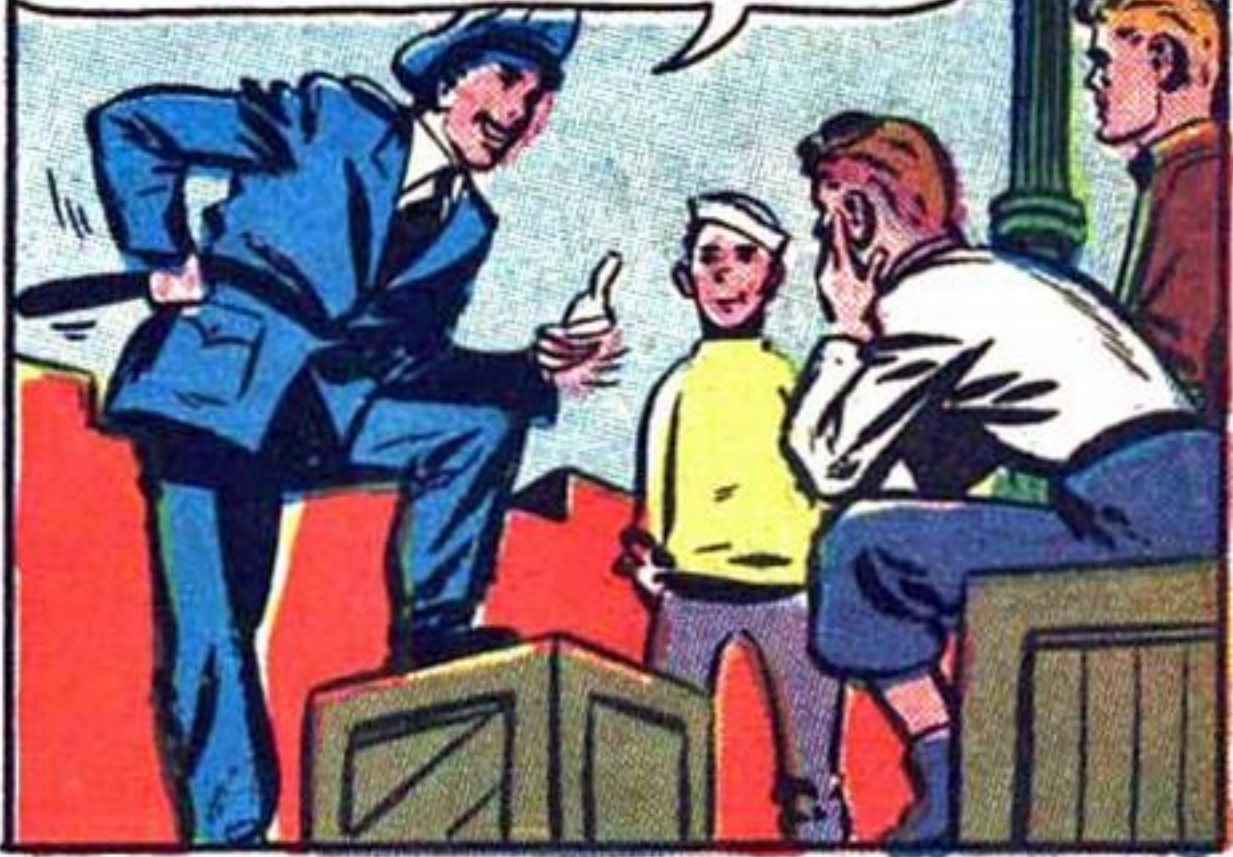
MAYBE HE BURN-A IT ON A DA STOVE. GOOD A BYE!

FUNNY! I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THAT ORGAN GRINDER IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD BEFORE



HEY, KIP! YOU PROMISED TO TELL US ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE BLACK HOOD! REMEMBER?

HA, HA, YOU KIDS NEVER GET TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT THE HOOD, DO YOU? DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME---



HELP!
POLICE!

OH OH! TROUBLE. SORRY, KIDS -I'LL BE RIGHT UP LADY!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LADY?

ONE OF OUR ROOMERS -MR. MULVEY-HE---HE'S LEAD!



HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT, MISS. HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO FIND HIM?

MY FATHER OWNS THIS HOUSE. I CAME TO COLLECT THE RENT FROM MR. MULVEY



KIP IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIES HEADQUARTERS

WITHOUT WAITING FOR A CORONER'S REPORT, MC GINTY, I'D SAY HE DIED BY ELECTROCUTION

DAGNABBIT! I THINK YER RIGHT, KIP



HERE'S AN EXPOSED WIRE, KIP! YUP! DEATH BY ACCIDENT ALL RIGHT



MIGHT BE, SARGE. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THERE'S ENOUGH JUICE IN THIS TO KNOCK A MAN CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM



DAGNABBIT! DON'T BE GIVIN' ME ANY OF YER HOTSY-POTSY FANCY THEORIES AGAIN, KIP. I KNOW AN ACCIDENT WHEN I SEE ONE!

YEAH?



I VAGUELY RECALL A CERTAIN CLOWN CALLED POGO. MY "HOTSY POTSY" THEORY WAS MURDER. YOU SAID SUICIDE, REMEMBER?

GULP!



AND THEN THERE WAS MY "HOTSY-POTSY" THEORY ON BAILEY, THE MILLIONAIRE WHO MURDERED HIS PARTNER. YOU LAUGHED AT THAT, TOO!



AND NEED I MENTION THE CORPSE ON THE CHECKERBOARD?



FIRST, DETERMINE JUST HOW MUCH VOLTAGE THERE IS IN THIS OUTLET THEN---SAY---WHAT'S THIS ON MY HAND? LOOKS LIKE HAIRS! BURNT HAIRS!





I'M POSITIVE I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CORPSE. IN FACT THE ONLY ONE I TOUCHED WAS THE MONKEY---HOLY COW!

KIP! THIS GUY MULVEY LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR



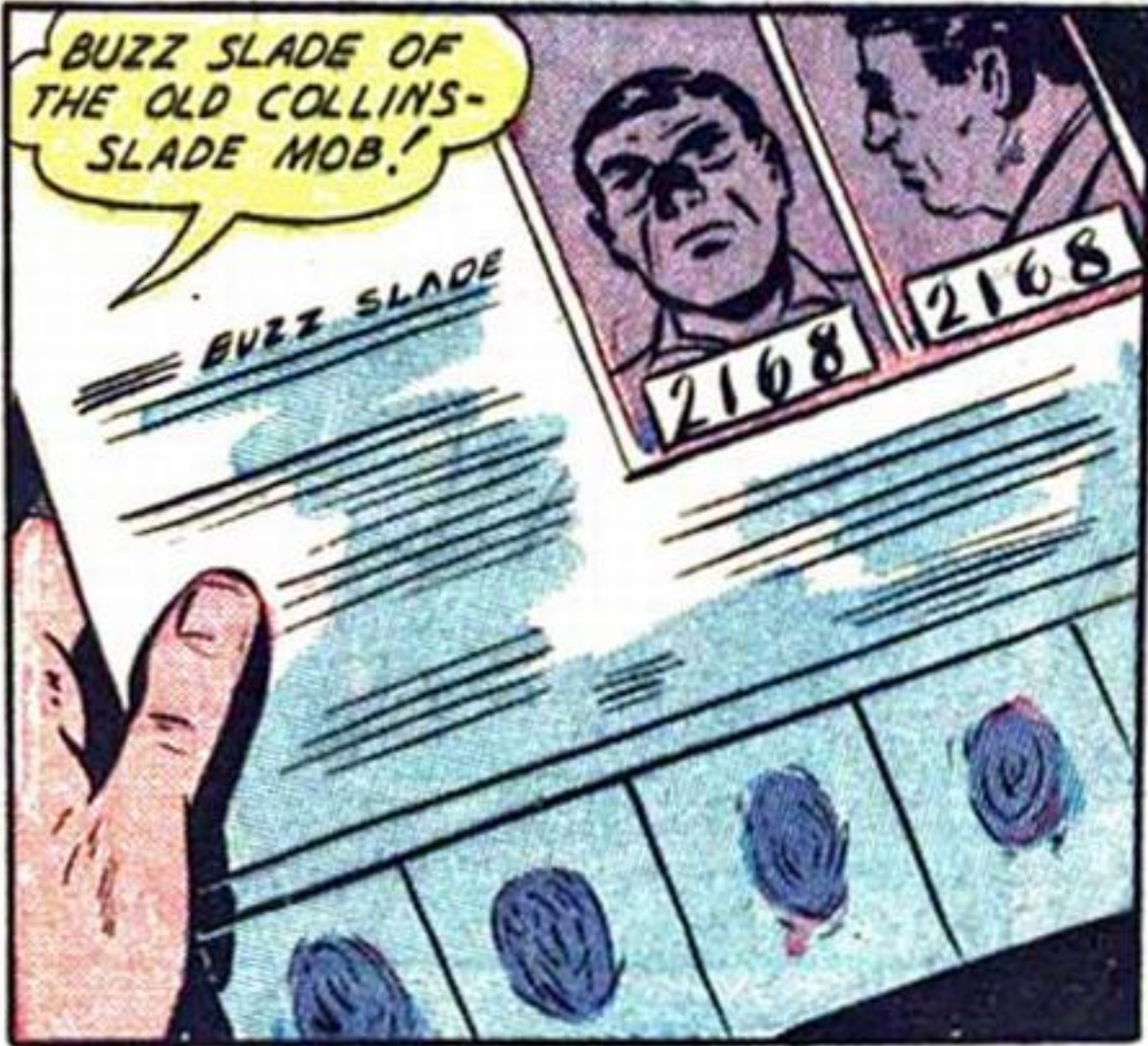
DAGNABBIT! I NEVER FORGET A FACE. I'VE SEEN THIS MULVEY BEFORE, I TELL YOU!

A CHECK OF HIS PRINTS IN POLICE FILES MIGHT HELP SARGE. LET'S TRY!



AFTER A LONG AND PAINSTAKING SEARCH THROUGH THE FILES---

YOU WERE RIGHT, SARGE. YOU DID SEE MULVEY. ONLY HIS NAME WASN'T MULVEY THEN!



BUZZ SLADE OF THE OLD COLLINS-SLADE MOB!

BUZZ SLADE

2168 2168

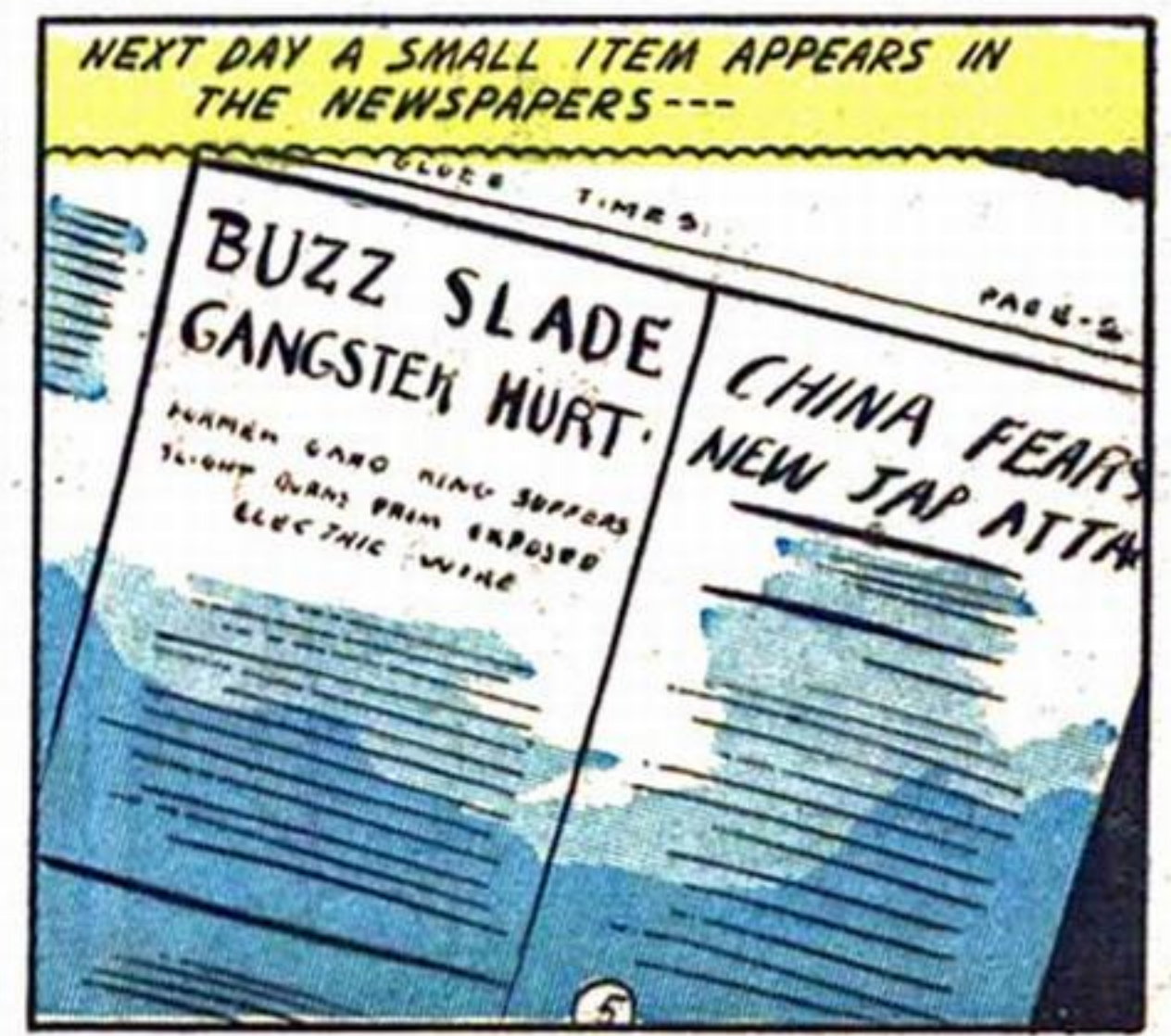


SLADE STOOLED ON COLLINS ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, AS I REMEMBER IT. THEY GAVE COLLINS A FIVE-YEAR STRETCH, DIDN'T THEY, SARGE?

THAT'S RIGHT, KIP. AND SLADE DISAPPEARED. YOU THINK COLLINS IS OUT AND HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?



IT SURE ADDS UP BUT PINNING IT ON HIM IS ANOTHER STORY. I HAVE AN IDEA. IF IT WORKS, WE'LL TRAP OUR MURDERER RED-HANDED!



NEXT DAY A SMALL ITEM APPEARS IN THE NEWSPAPERS---

GLUE TIMES PAGE 2

BUZZ SLADE GANGSTER HURT

CHINA FEARS NEW JAP ATTACK

PARMEN GARD NING SUPPORTS TIGHT QUANT PRIM ENDOSED ELECTRIC WINE

POSING AS THE DEAD MAN, KIP WAITS IN THE APARTMENT WITH M^cGINTY HIDDEN...

THE MONK OUGHT TO BE ALONG ANY MINUTE - I HEAR THE ORGAN GRINDER'S MUSIC NOW

I DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT. HERE HE IS!

GOT YOU - YOU LITTLE DEVIL! IT'S A GOOD THING I INSULATED MYSELF!

GRAB THE MONK, M^cGINTY. I'VE GOT SOME FISHING TO DO -

WHA-!



HANG ONTO THE MONK AND THE BOX, SARGE, I'LL GO AFTER HIM!

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY, KIP



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE BLACK HOOD



THIS ALLEY'S A GOOD SPOT TO CHANGE AND OBSERVE OUR ORGAN-GRINDER FRIEND-THERE HE GOES INTO THAT BEER JOINT



MIKE'S BEER PARLOR

LADIES WANTED

NOW WE'LL PAY MIKE'S BEER AND POOL JOINT A VISIT



ALLRIGHT, MIKE. WHERE ARE YOU HIDING COLLINS?

LOOK, HOOD, WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. COLLINS AIN'T HERE

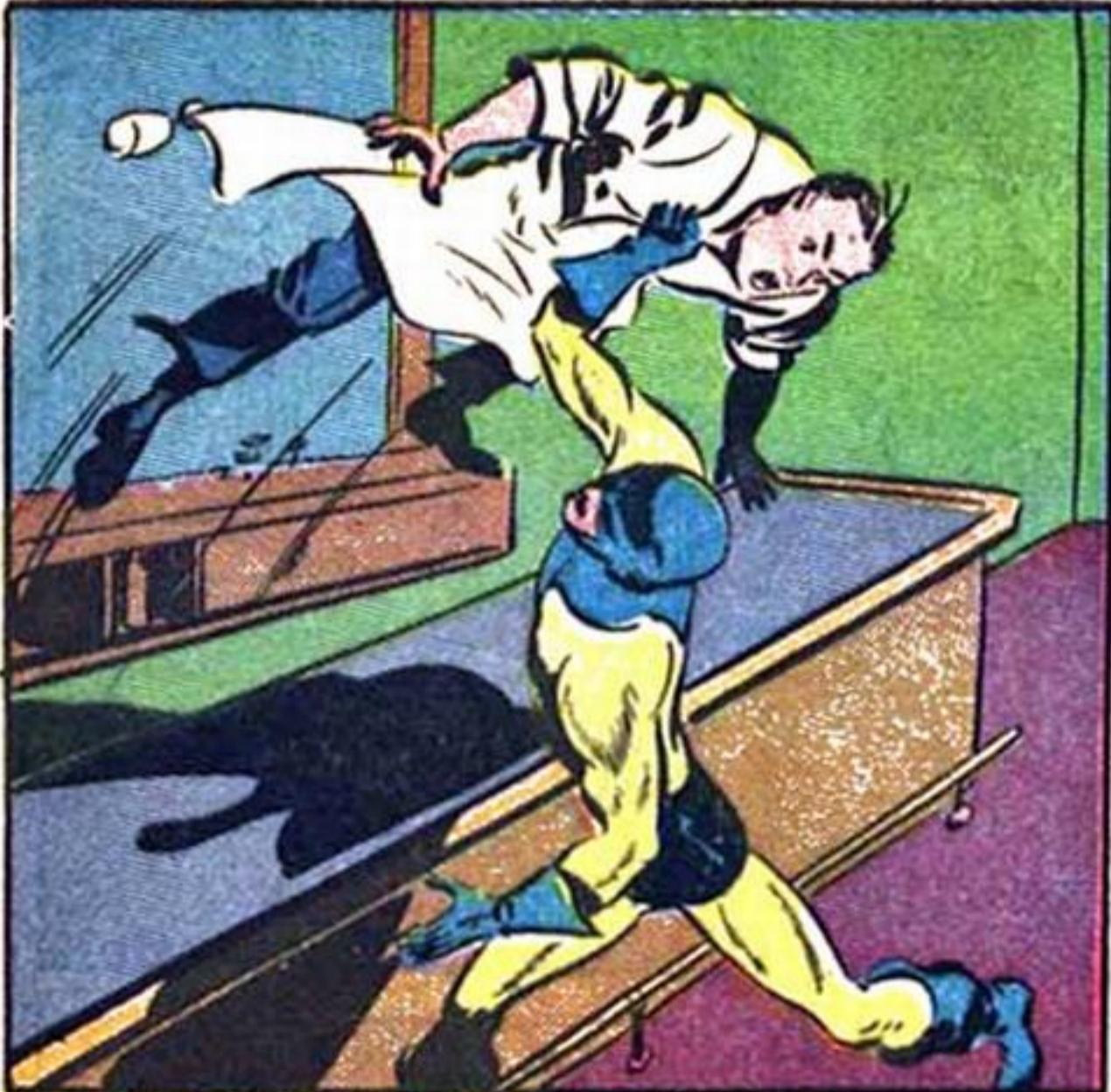


AND I SAY HE IS. THAT ORGAN GRINDER WHO DUCKED IN HERE IS BLACKIE COLLINS- AND I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT HIM!

YER WASTIN' YER BREATH



THE GUY THAT THREW THAT JUST THREW A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF!



OH! OH!
WAIT A
MINUTE -
SINCE WHEN
DO THEY PUT
CLOTHES
INTO BEER
BARRELS?

LET'S TIP THIS
BABY OVER AND SEE
WHAT'S INSIDE -

WELL! LOOK
WHO'S HERE



A NEAT DISGUISE, BLACKIE,
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK - GET
UP ON YOUR FEET, BUB -
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME

I'VE GOT TO GET BLACKIE
BACK TO M'GINTY WITHOUT
REVEALING MY IDENTITY



YOU'VE PUT IN A HARD
DAY, BLACKIE. YOU NEED A
REST

NOT LONG AFTER - BACK AT THE VICTIM'S ROOM

I LOST HIM - PUFF - PUFF -
AND THEN I FOUND HIM
KNOCKED COLD IN AN
ALLEYWAY. STRANGE,
ISN'T IT?

YEH, C'MERE
'N TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS MUSIC
BOX, WILL YA,
KIP?



C'N YA BEAT THIS-HE HAD A HIGH VOLTAGE BATTERY HOOKED UP IN HIS ORGAN BOX WITH AN ATTACHED WIRE CABLE AS A LEASH FOR THE MONK. HE CONTROLLED THE CURRENT BY THIS BUTTON



YES! THEN HE TRAINED THE MONK TO RECOGNIZE SLADE. PROBABLY BY A PHOTOGRAPH. SO WHEN THE MONK SAW SLADE, HE HOPPED ON HIM. COLLINS PRESSED THE BUTTON AND THAT WAS THAT. PRETTY INGENUOUS, COLLINS. HOW'D YOU DREAM UP SUCH A STUNT?



IN THE PEN, COPPER. I WORKED IN THE ELECTRIC PLANT. I WRACKED MY BRAIN ON HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT WITHOUT TAKIN' ANOTHER RAP. SO I RIGGED UP THIS GADGET



YOU ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT AT THAT

ALMOST, MY EYE! I'M STILL GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

HEY! HE'S GOT MY GUN!



I'M SCRAMMIN' COPPERS. I GOT A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE FLAT- FEET IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND ME!

HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US, KIP!



BUT FATE, OR IS IT JUSTICE BY ANOTHER NAME, STEPS IN. THE MONK, RELUCTANT TO BE DESERTED BY ITS MASTER, LEAPS AND---



GOSH, I LEFT THE CURRENT ON BY MISTAKE. IS HE-?

YES, HE'S DEAD!



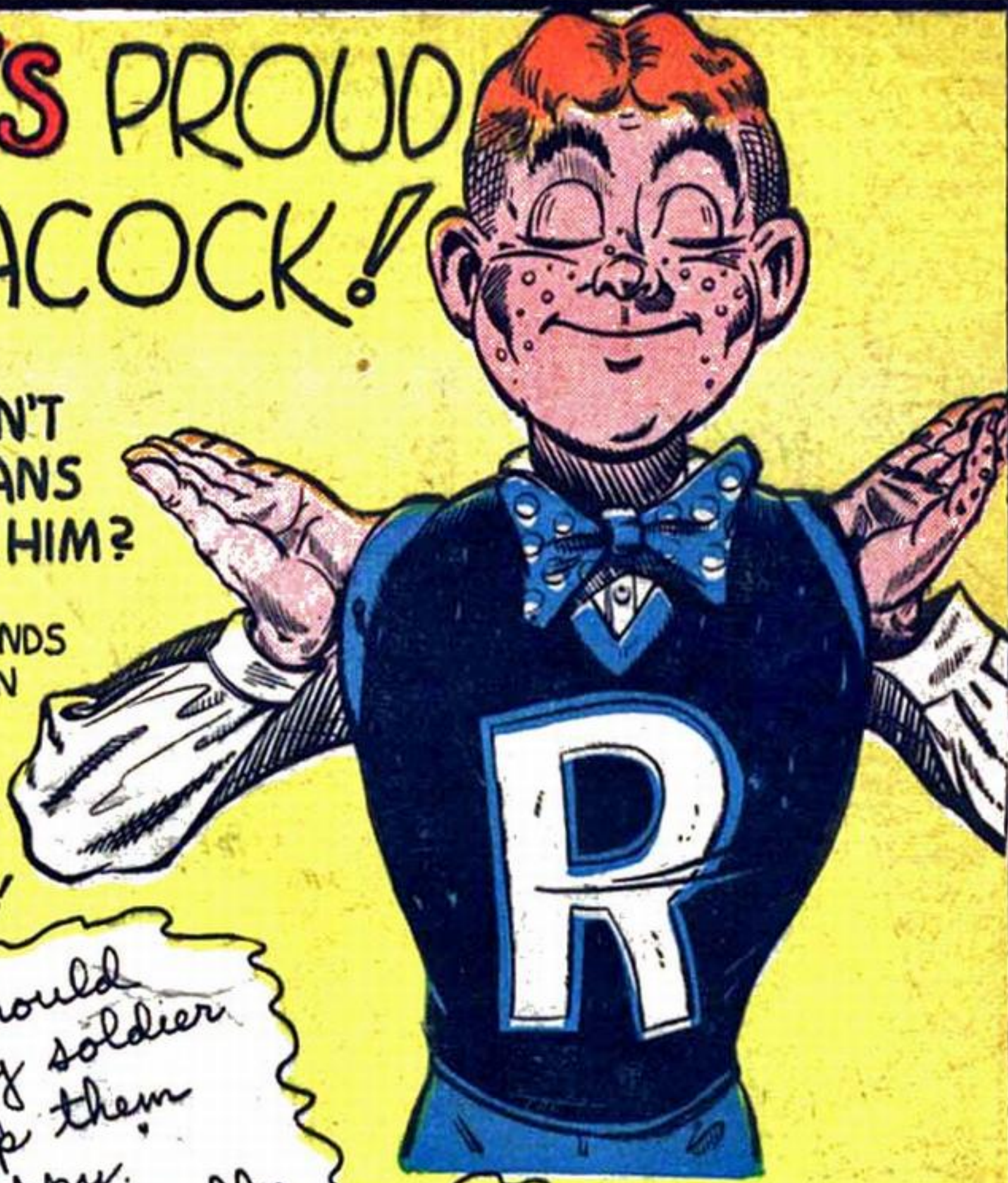
BLACKIE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. HE'S GONE TO A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE COPS IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND HIM. THE SAME HIDE-OUT THAT WAITS FOR ALL CROOKS!



Archie's PROUD AS A PEACOCK!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE WHEN HIS FANS THINK SO MUCH OF HIM?

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF LETTERS HAVE BEEN POURING IN PRAISING ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION! HERE'S A SLIGHT SAMPLE OF WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



"Archie Comics should be given to every soldier overseas to keep them relaxed and happy."
Nadine Nalder
1681 Hayes St.
San Francisco
California

"My whole family worries with, laughs with, and loves Archie."

Florence Gibon
6 Home Street
Springfield, Mass.

"Archie's my favorite because he's like most kids my age."

Willie Mac Sampson
Detroit, Michigan

"Whenever I'm unhappy, I always know one sure cure for the blues - Archie Comics."
Margie Lee Huber
917 E. Withersbee
Flint, Mich.

"Archie and his family are just like real people in everyday life. All summer while I was laid up with a broken arm, Archie was a great help to me and always cheered me up."
Lou R. Harvey
23 W. High St.
Coal Dale, Pa.

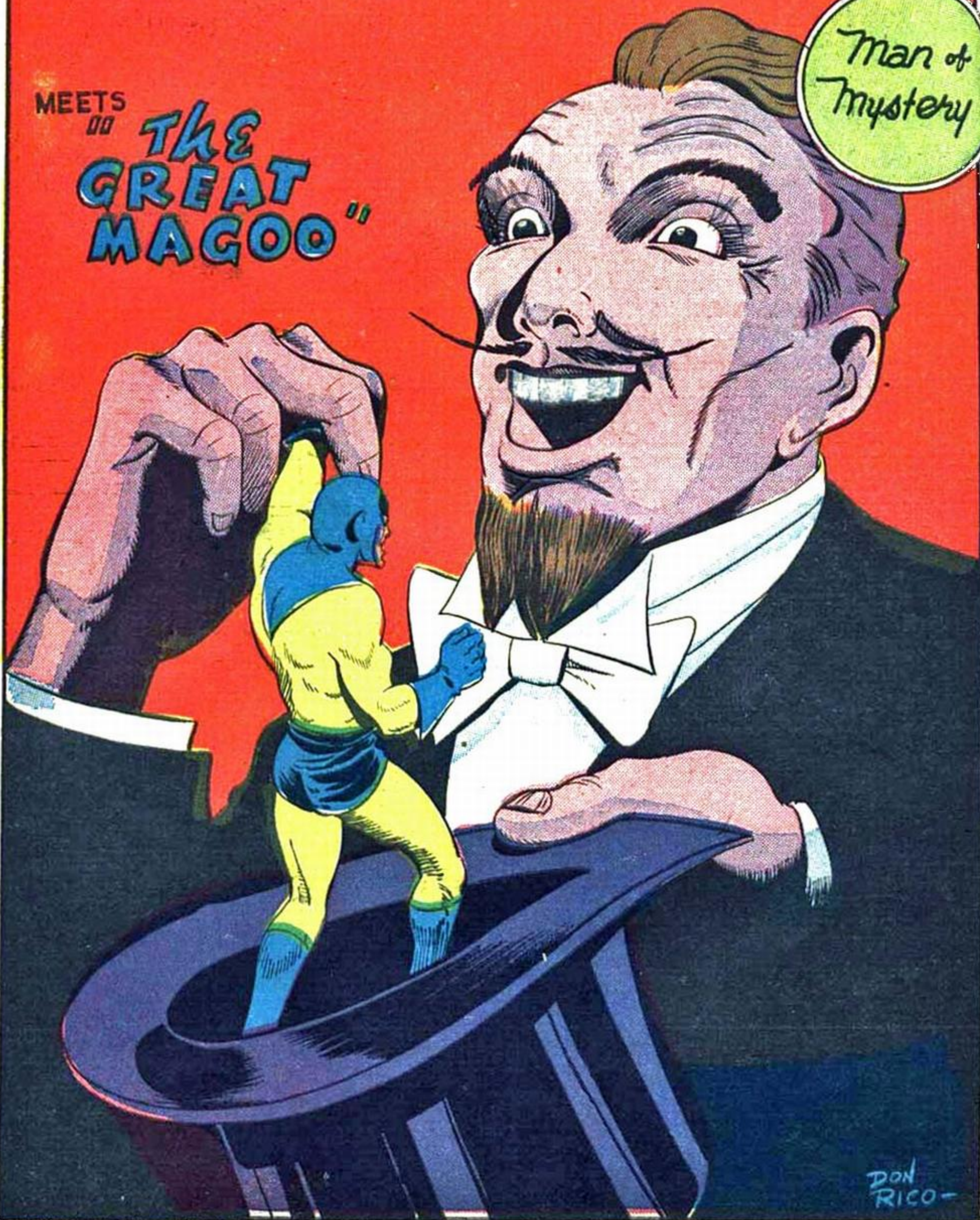
ARCHIE COMICS IS AN MLU PUBLICATION!!

The Black Hood

MEETS

THE GREAT MAGOO

Man of Mystery



DON RICO

LOOK, KIP, DON'T BE GETTIN' COCKY JUST 'CAUSE YOU GUESSED RIGHT IN A FEW CASES!

WHO ME? DID I SAY ANYTHING, SERGEANT MCGINTY?



NO, BUT YE LOOKED IT, DAGNABBIT! JUST REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS, AND...



...THE ONLY WAY TO CATCH A CROOK IS WITH THE END OF YOUR NIGHT-STICK - UNQUOTE! WHY DON'T YOU PUT THOSE WORDS TO MUSIC, SARGE?

NONE O' YER WISECRACKS, DAGNABBIT!



JUST WAIT AND SEE! THE NEXT CASE THAT COMES ALONG, I'LL SHOW YE HOW A REAL COPPER CRACKS IT!



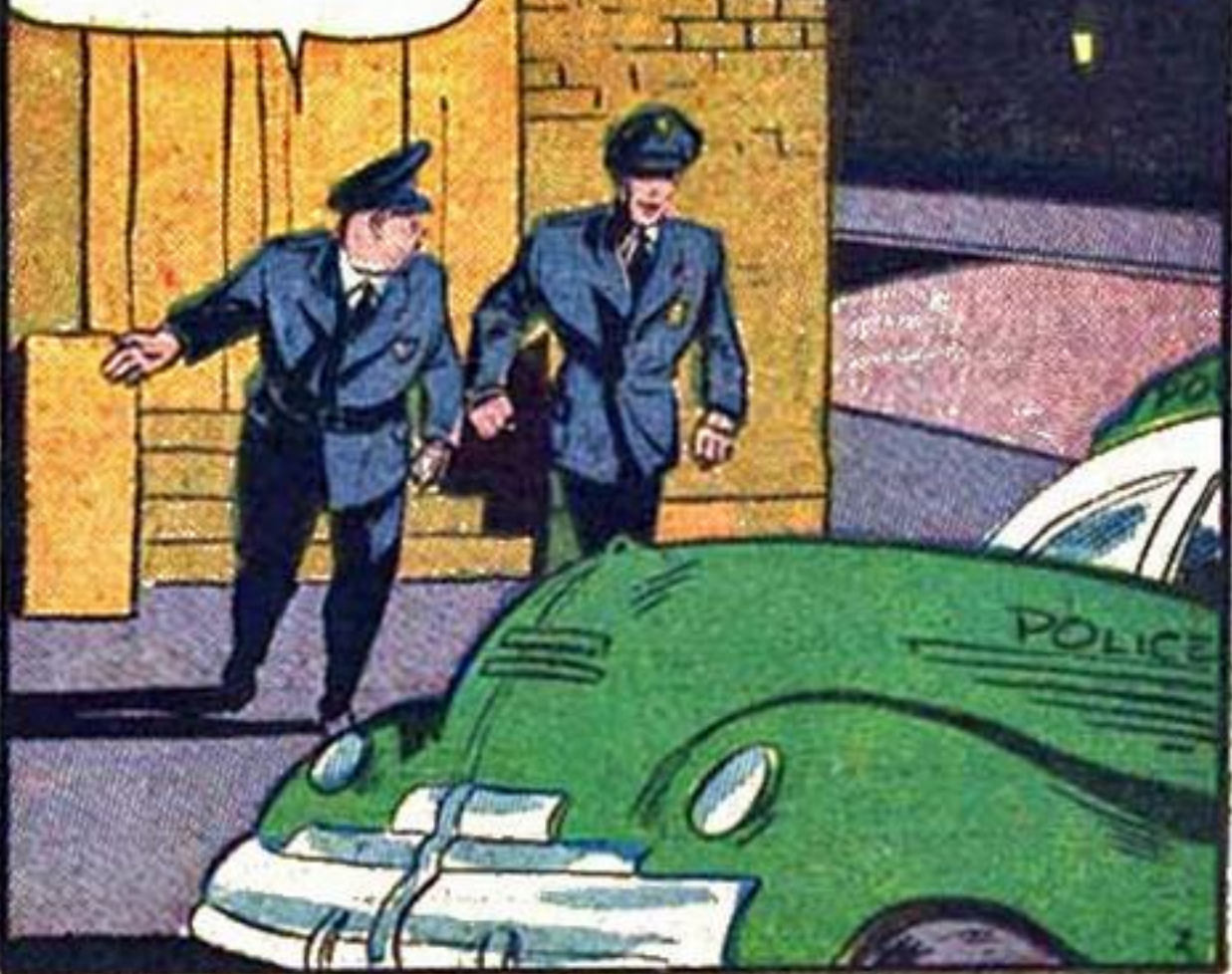
HELLO.. YES.. THIS IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS.. WHAT.. OKAY.. CALM DOWN.. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

IS THAT OUR NEXT CASE, SARGE?



NAH... IT'S THAT MAGICIAN THE GREAT MAGOO! CLAIMS HIS LIFE'S BEEN THREATENED OVER THE PHONE.. DEMANDS POLICE PROTECTION! PROBABLY SOME CRANK!

MAYBE! AND THEN... MAYBE NOT!



THERE YE GO AGAIN, DAGNABBIT WITH YER FANCY THEORIES! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT I TELL YE!

AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. ONLY WHY JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS?

OKAY MR MAGNO OR WHATEVER YER NAME IS.. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

THE POLICE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!



I'VE BEEN GETTING PHONE CALLS FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS PERSON ALL DAY. SAYING HE'D RUIN ME AND MY ACT IF HE HAD TO KILL ME TO DO IT. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO IT COULD POSSIBLY BE ' I'M SURE I HAVE NO ENEMIES NONE AS VICIOUS AS HE SOUNDED, AT ANY RATE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! JUST A CRANK. BUT DON'T WORRY, MAGDO, WE'LL STICK AROUND AND KEEP AN EYE ON YE. JUST IN CASE

AH- THAT RELIEVES ME IMMENSELY, SERGEANT!

SAY! WHAT'S THAT WIGGLING IN YOUR POCKET, SERGEANT?

HUH? WH-WHERE?



BY GEORGE.. ARE YOU IN THE HABIT OF CARRYING BUNNIES AROUND?

GLORY BE... (GULP) HOW'D THAT GET THERE?

TSK . TSK . THE THINGS PEOPLE PUT ON THEIR HAIR THESE DAYS!





DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW HALF YOUR TIE, SERGEANT?

HEY! CUT IT OUT...



DAGGNABBIT NOW LOOK WHAT YE'VE DONE! YOU AN' YER SMART TRKKS!

DON'T WORRY SERGEANT! JUST THE MAGIC WORDS IBBLE-DIBBLE-ISH KABIBBLE, AND...PRESTO!



WELL, CUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY!... IT WORKED!



HA, HA, HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY LITTLE JOKES! EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU, I MUST GET READY FOR MY ACT!

GO RIGHT AHEAD! WE'LL GUARD THE DOOR AND SEE THAT NOBODY GET'S IN!



WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', KIP...

NOTHING DOING, SARGE. LEAVE THOSE TRICKS TO MAGOO. THAT'S WHAT HE GETS PAID FOR!



WHAT'S THAT!

BANG!

SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT, TO ME!



IT CAME FROM THAT DRESSING ROOM OVER THERE!



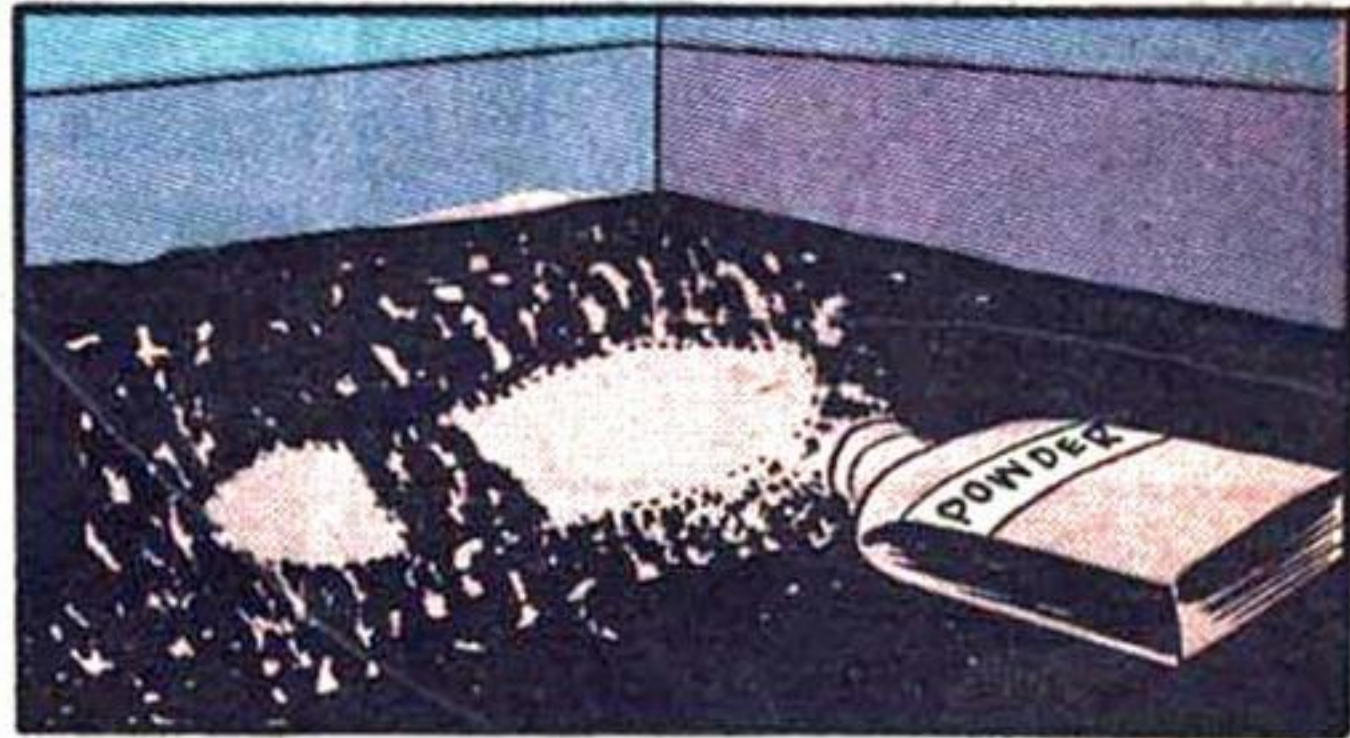


LISTEN, MAGOO, PLEASE PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. YOUR ACT IS ON NOW. YOU CAN'T LET ME DOWN!

ALL.. ALL RIGHT DESMOND. I MUSTN'T THINK OF MYSELF EVEN AT A TIME LIKE THIS! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!



SAY HERE'S SOMETHING I HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE - A FOOTPRINT!



I'D SAY MITZI DROPPED HER POWDER WHEN SHE WAS SHOT-AND THE KILLER STEPPED IN IT. SO JUST ON A HUNCH I'LL GET ONE OF MAGOO'S SHOES OUT OF HIS DRESSING ROOM!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT WE'LL SEE!



A PERFECT MATCH!



AND TIME FOR KIP BURLAND TO BECOME - THE BLACK HOOD!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE TRICK OF MY OWN TO SPRING ONE THE GREAT MAGOO-- BUT I'LL NEED DESMOND, THE THEATRE OWNER, TO HELP ME!



WHILE ON STAGE, THE GREAT MAGOO IS GOING THROUGH HIS RETINUE OF TRICKS--



FOR MY NEXT TRICK I WILL NEED A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. IS THERE ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE WHO CAN HELP ME OUT?



I WILL! HERE IT IS MR. MAGOO!



AH! THANK YOU MY GOOD MAN!

YOU DON'T MIND IF I BURN IT UP, DO YOU?



HEY, DON'T!

AH, I SEE YOU DO MIND IN THAT CASE. I'LL HAVE TO PLUNGE MY HAND INTO THE FLAMES, PICK UP THE ASHES, AND..



PRESTO! YOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. GOOD AS NEW!



WELL, I'LL BE-- I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW IT BURN!

AND NOW FOR MY FAMOUS ORIENTAL TRICK! I LAY THIS SHROUD DOWN ON THE BARE FLOOR!

A FEW MAGIC PASSES OVER THE SHROUD, AND NOW I PICK IT UP TO SHOW YOU...

(GULP)... THE BLACK HOOD! HOW.. HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

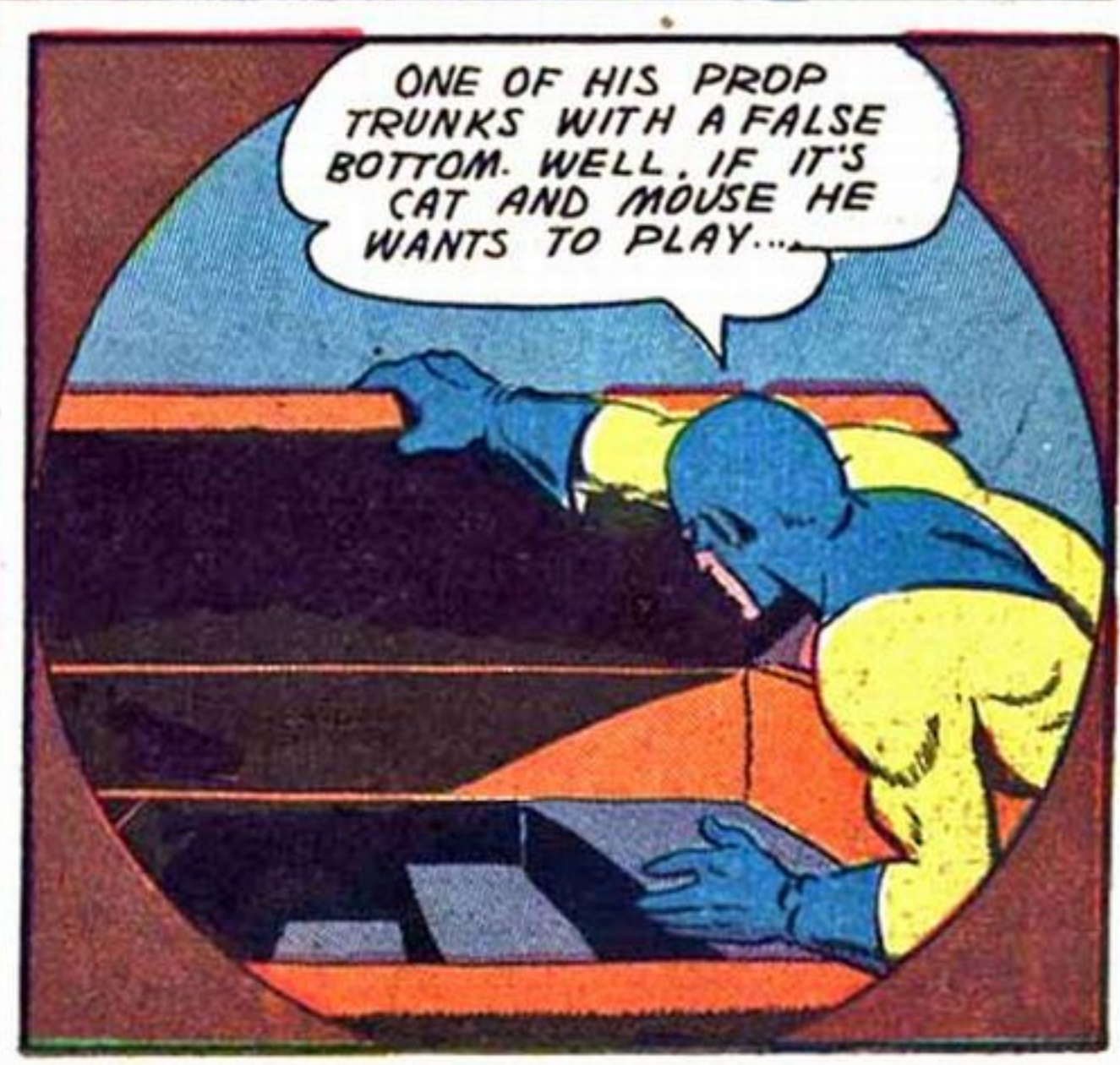
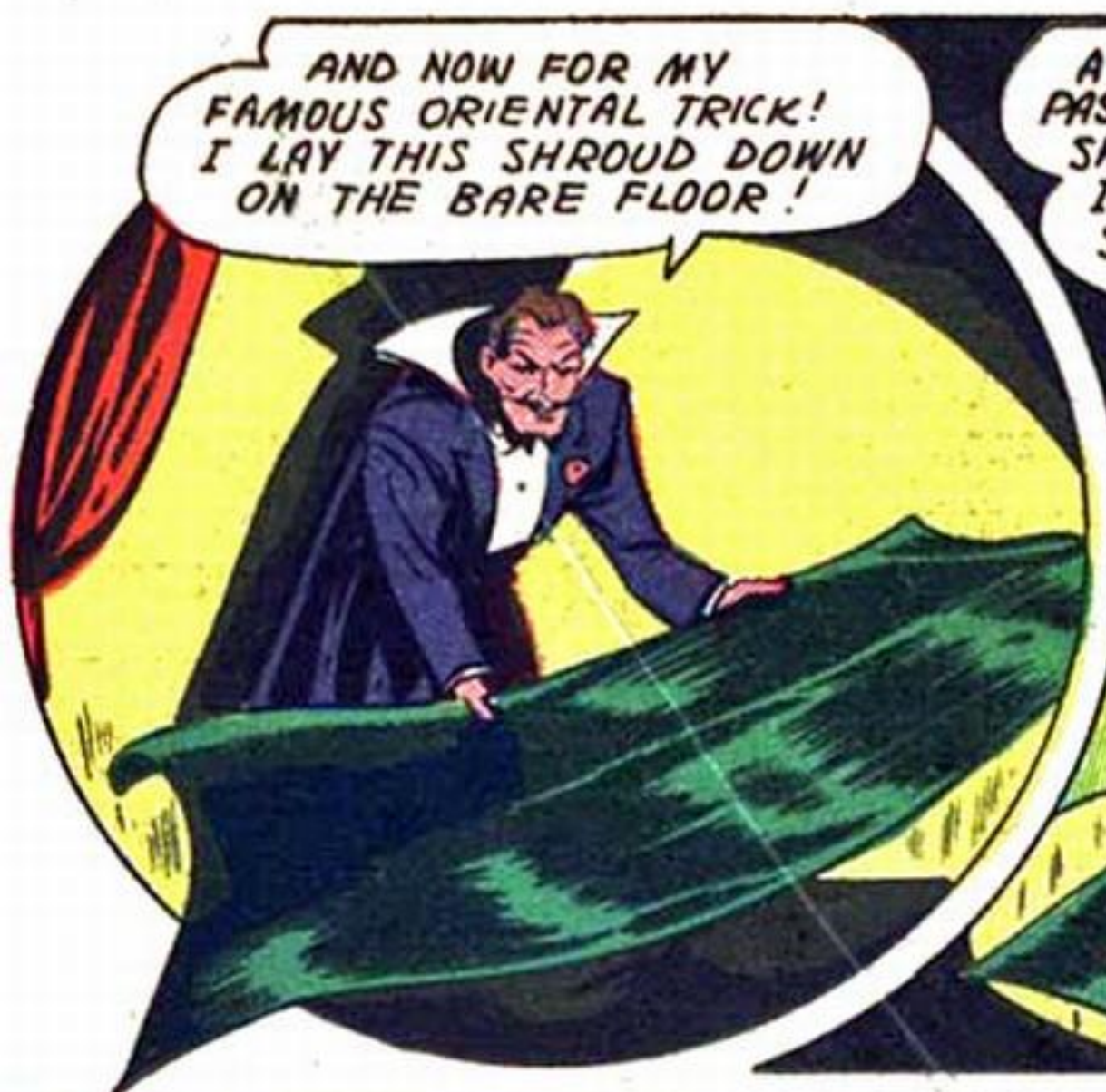
DON'T YOU KNOW?

VERY CLEVER THE WAY YOU MURDERED YOUR ASSISTANT, MAGOO.. AND CALLING IN THE POLICE TO BE YOUR ALIBI!?! BUT YOU PULLED ONE TRICK TOO MANY!

YOU'RE WRONG HOOD! HERE'S STILL ANOTHER ONE!

YOU MAY HAVE CAUGHT ME, BUT YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP WITH ME!

ONE OF HIS PROP TRUNKS WITH A FALSE BOTTOM. WELL, IF IT'S CAT AND MOUSE HE WANTS TO PLAY...





I'LL PLAY WITH HIM!



WHA... HE'S GOT A GUN! AND HE ALMOST GOT ME!

BANG!



BUT ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT, MAGOO!



CRACK!



NOW BLACK HOOD, YOU'LL REGRET HAVING BEEN SO CLEVER. BEFORE I KILL YOU, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I MURDERED MITZI!

I MAKE A LOT OF MONEY WITH MY ACT BESIDES MY SALARY! A LOT OF MONEY! THE TRICK WITH THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL YOU MAY HAVE SEEN TONIGHT WAS JUST ONE OF MY METHODS!



THE SUCKER GAVE ME A REAL BILL AND I HANDED HIM BACK A PHONEY. MITZI CAUGHT WISE TO MY RACKET AND THREATENED TO TELL THE COPS. SO I HAD TO ELIMINATE HER. I GAVE THE COPS THE PHONEY STORY ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS THREATENER TO GIVE THEM A FALSE LEAD!

AND ALSO, AS YOU CLEVERLY GUESSED, TO GIVE ME AN ALIBI. AFTER ALL THEY COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO SUSPECT THE MAN WHOSE LIFE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT, COULD THEY?



AND NOW, BLACK HOOD! IT'S YOUR TURN TO D.... AAAAGH

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, HOOD, OR YOU GET THE SAME THING!



I HEARD THIS GUY'S CONFESSION ALL RIGHT BUT THAT DON'T CLEAR YOU. FIRST, TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

OH, OH! THIS CALLS FOR SOME QUICK THINKING!

DON'T YOU WANT TO CHECK ON KIP BURLAND FIRST. YOU'RE PRETTY FOND OF HIM, AREN'T YOU?

KIP! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

WELL, HE WENT INTO MAGOD'S ROOM!...

YEAH... THEN WHAT?



THEN HE WROTE SOMETHING ON A PIECE OF PAPER - LIKE THIS...



THEN HE WALKED OVER TO THIS CLOSET, OPENED THE DOOR...



... JUMPED IN LIKE THIS! AND SLAMMED IT SHUT BEHIND HIM!

HEY, YOU! CUT THAT OUT!



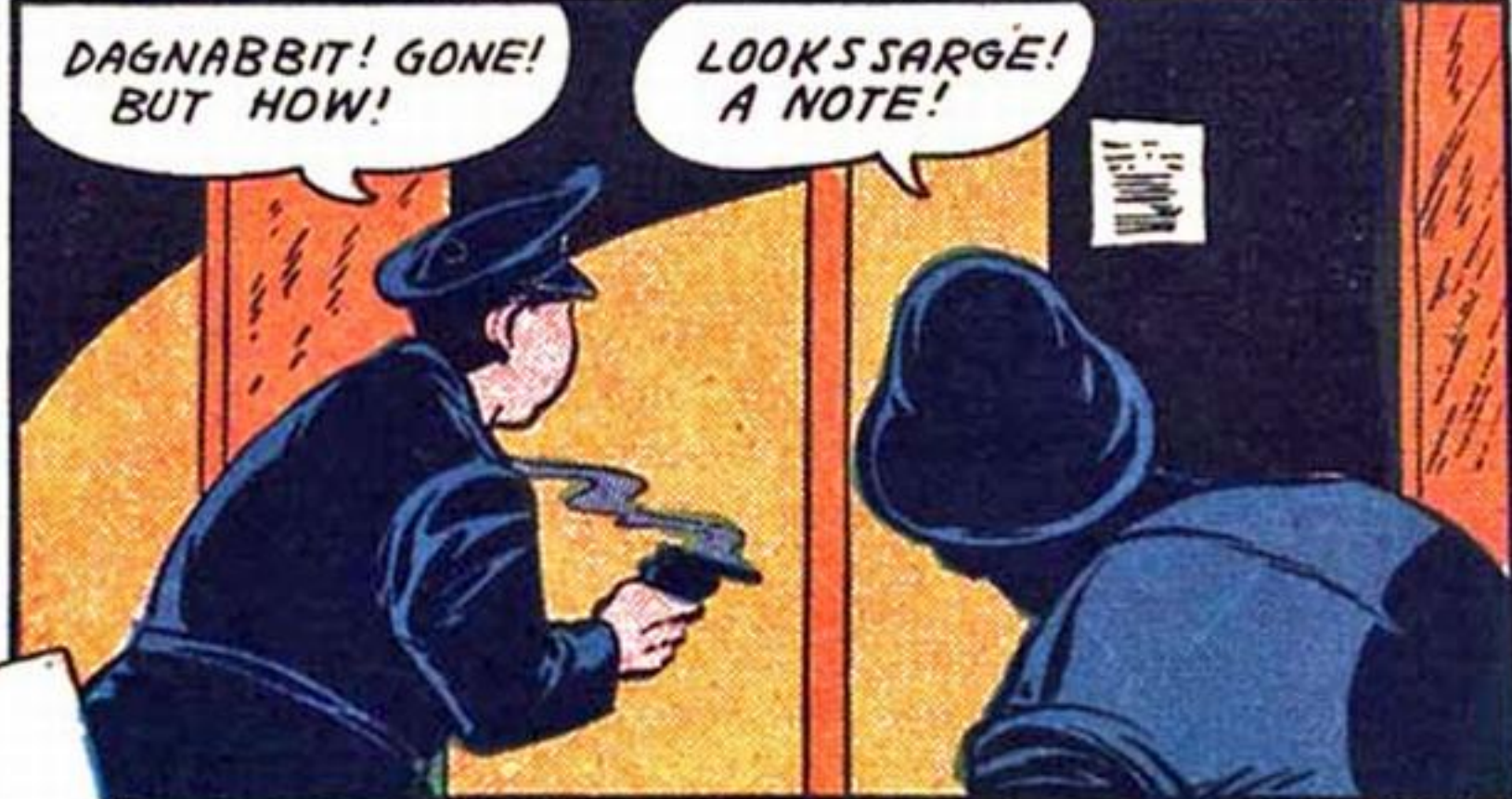
I'M WARNIN YE, HOOD! COME OUT OF THERE OR I SHOOT!



BANG!
BANG
BANG!

DAGNABBIT! GONE! BUT HOW!

LOOKS SARGE! A NOTE!



This is the false closet magoo used to sneak out of the room to do his killing. You ought to study up on your magic, McGinty. The Black Hood P.S. Don't worry about Kip Burland-- you'll be seeing him.....

LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

HELLO, SARGE! LOOKING FOR ME?

KIP BURLAND! WHERE IN THUNDER HAVE YOU BEEN?

UH- HELLO COMMISSIONER!





MIGHTY FUNNY!
EVERYTIME THE
HOOD SHOWS UP
YOU DISAPPEAR!

IT'D BE
FUNNIER
IF YOU
SAW US
TOGETHER!



JUST WHAT
DO YE MEAN
BY THAT?

I MEAN...
AFTER
ALL...
THAT IS...
WELL YOU
SEE...

HERE!
THIS IS
NO TIME
FOR QUAR-
RELLING!
YOU BOTH
ARE TO BE
COMMENDED!

I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU BROKE
THIS CASE MCGINTY,
BUT I SHOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED IF
YOU'RE A LIEUTEN-
ANT BEFORE LONG!
CONGRATULATIONS!

GEE THANKS
CHIEF. IT'S
ALL IN
KNOWIN' THE
TRICKS OF
THE
GAME!



SAY, TALKIN' ABOUT
TRICKS. LEMME
SHOW YOU A
GOOD ONE,
CHIEF!

SAY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
WITH MY TIE?



HEY!
CUT THAT OUT!
THAT TIE COST
ME FIVE BUCKS!

TUT!
TUT!
NOT A
THING TO
WORRY ABOUT!

SNAP!



NOW, I'LL JUST
SAY SOME MAGIC
WORDS... IBBLE-DIBBLE
ISH-KABIBBLE, AND
PRESTO!

WELL!



GULP!
HEH! HEH!
IT DIDN'T
WORK!

HMM...
LET ME
HAVE THOSE
SCISSORS!



AW,
COMMISH!
DON'T
AW. HAVE
A HEART!



... AND YOU CAN
FORGET ABOUT
THAT PROMOTION
YOU LUNKHEAD!



SOME PEOPLE
HAVE NO SENSE
OF HUMOR!

The
End

THE CAT AND THE ROSE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

By WESLEY BROOK

THE afternoon at the Stewarts' had been boring.

Only friendship had brought Kip Burland to the palatial mansion of his old friend, Frank Stewart. The estate, situated on the curving shores of a large lake offered no attraction for Kip. Kip liked the quiet countryside and the beautiful mansion well enough. But he didn't care for these week-end parties. And he cared less to be dragged into family quarrels. . . . An argument between Stewart and his wife Jane over some triviality. One word led to another. Before long the name of Thomas Stewart had been violently dragged into the discussion. Thomas was the brother of Frank. And with this new development, Mrs. Stewart's agitation increased considerably.

As Kip strolled toward the gleaming hothouse, a glittering mass of panes and light, he saw Mrs. Stewart emerge from the building hurriedly, her long green dress fluttering in the wind. She was plainly upset as she ran toward the house.

Kip quickened his pace and caught the distressed woman as she was about to stumble over a low hedge in her path.

Jane Stewart looked at him in horror.

"Oh, Kip Burland!" Then her voice sank to a low sob. "It's Frank. He's in there, dead!"

Kip let go his hold of her hand and with a few lengthy bounds was inside the hothouse. His keen eyes took in the scene at a glance. They did not miss the body crumpled before a potted English hedgerow, nor did his ears miss the subtle click of the back door of the great building as it shut. Without waiting to examine the body he bounded to the transparent, glass panelled walls. His keen senses had not deceived him. The top of the man's head showed for an instant behind a row of acacia trees, then vanished.

Kip drew a sharp breath. Returning to the body, he turned it over silently. Here was sheer horror. Death had come painfully to Frank Stewart. From the contorted appearance of the mouth, he deduced immediately the cause of death. Poison!

Suddenly Kip's eyes lighted on a scrap of paper. He pounced on it and scanned the contents eagerly. A long, drawn-out whistle came from his lips. "Hmmm . . ." he mused, "this seems to be a case for — the Black Hood."

The police inquest, held a few hours later, brought out no details other than the more or less obvious facts. Only one man was aware of the bizarre aspects of the case and that man was not present. The Black Hood was busy elsewhere!

The coroner's report came

a few moments later.

"Arsenic," stated the investigating detective dryly. "Suicide."

Mrs. Stewart's face was a mask.

"My husband never kept poisons of any sort in the house. Besides he was not the suicidal type. He had everything to live for."

"We'll get to that later, Mrs. Stewart," remarked the detective. "Just now— Say, where is Mr. Stewart's brother. He was here a few moments ago, but now where has . . .?"

In a small room under the great bulk of the hothouse a shadow moved—the shadow of a man average in height, undistinguished in appearance, his hair a brittle, sandy color. The shadow, thrown by the light of a small electric bulb, moved, intruded upon a bench, flowed like a stream, and then emerged on the wall of reddish brown brick. An arm came up, and arm holding a small object, limp, helpless in coma—or death.

The man with the undistinguished face was calm and immobile as he raised the body of the Persian cat he was carrying and deposited it on the bench, then removing some metallic objects from an inside coat pocket, he laid them beside the inert body and crossed the tiny room to the opposite wall.

In the dim glow the surgical instruments — for ly-

ing beside the dead cat were several scalpels — glittered softly, ready for their work.

The tinkle of metal sounded harshly in the close-packed air of the room, then came the steady, drip-drip-drip of some mysterious fluid.

Abruptly a match flared, approached a torch reposing on the bench. Then came a rush of flame that hissed and roared, lighting up the storeroom with a leaping red flare.

The face drew closer to the cat on the bench. A sallow-skinned hand reached forth and grasped a scalpel. Clutching tightly in an experienced grasp, the hand went sharply upward, preparatory to a vicious downward thrust that would have severed one of the animal's legs from its body.

"Stop!" a grim voice echoed through the close confines of the room above the roaring flame of the blowtorch. Abruptly the hand dropped. The scalpel clattered uselessly to the floor.

"Black Hood!" the cringing figure drew back suddenly, tense, expectant. Etched with brilliant clarity by the burning blowtorch.

"You were careless, Tom Stewart," said the Hood and indicated the dead body of the Persian cat.

"What do you mean?" stammered the wretched brother of Frank Stewart.

"The scheme worked — almost. You poisoned Frank, and you did it cleverly. The coroner did not find the

means by which the poison was introduced to the body because your brother in his convulsions swallowed the hedge leaf. You knew your brother was in the habit of absently chewing on the leaves of ordinary English potted hedges when he was in the hothouse. And you knew that the plants were sprayed with a weak solution of arsenic to preserve them from insects. A perfect setup for you. You sprayed a one hundred percent solution on the leaves of all the potted hedges in the greenhouse and then invited Frank out to see your new roses." The shadow on Stewart's face grew bigger, blacker.

"How did you know," he whispered hoarsely. His eyes, glittering with hate, narrowed to almost invisible slits.

"You accidently dropped a note from your brother dated a week ago, asking you to order more arsenic for the plants. It was that fact which started my suspicions of you, Tom. It was simple to check up at the chemical supply company and ascertain who had ordered the arsenic—undiluted! But the conclusive evidence was Jane Stewart's Persian cat which Frank carried fondly to the hothouse with him. Cats, like all other animals eat raw greens, Tom, from instinct, as roughage in their diet. The cat ate a few leaves from the potted hedge—the only foliage in the hothouse so near the floor—at the same time that your brother was con-

sidering the beauties of your new rose and absently chewing on one of the same leaves.

"There were cat hairs on the rough concrete floor, rubbed from the body as the poor creature struggled in its last agony. When I returned to the house, I discovered on inquiry that the cat was missing.

"You slipped away from the inquest a few moments ago, determined to come here unobserved and remove the evidence of your guilt. The blowtorch was for the purpose of entirely consuming the dead cat in ashes."

Tom's hand tightened on his throat. The other stole toward a half-open canister lying on the bench not far from the cat's corpse. The uncertain, surging light caused the contents to throw an evil green glow against the low ceiling.

A wild shriek resounded in the room as Tom flung himself upon the canister, clawed wildly at the powdered green arsenic and stuffed his mouth with the deadly chemical.

"You'll never take me alive, Black Hood," he gasped.

A few minutes later, Kip emerged from the damp cellar. He gazed appreciatively about the greenhouse, taking in the rare beauty of the many plants developed to full blossom by the perverted genius of Tom Stewart.

He lingered for awhile, then left to complete the inquest.



Bill Vigoda

COME IN FRIENDS.. I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU TWO! THERE IS AN ENEMY FORCE NEARBY THAT MUST BE DESTROYED!

IN ORDER TO ATTACK THE ENEMY, WE CAN ONLY PASS THROUGH THIS VALLEY..THE JAP SENTRIES WOULD EASILY SPOT US FROM A DISTANCE/IT WILL BE YOUR TASK TO LAND BEHIND THEIR LINES AND OVERCOME THESE SENTRIES,WE WILL WAIT AT THIS END OF THE VALLEY, FOR YOUR SIGNAL!

..AND SO THE FLYING DRAGONS GO FORTH FROM THEIR SECRET HANGAR IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN---



LOOK! THAT JAP SCOUT PLANE HAS SEEN US!! WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT HIS INFORMING THE ENEMY OF OUR POSITION!!



HAAAA.. THAT FINISHES HIM!

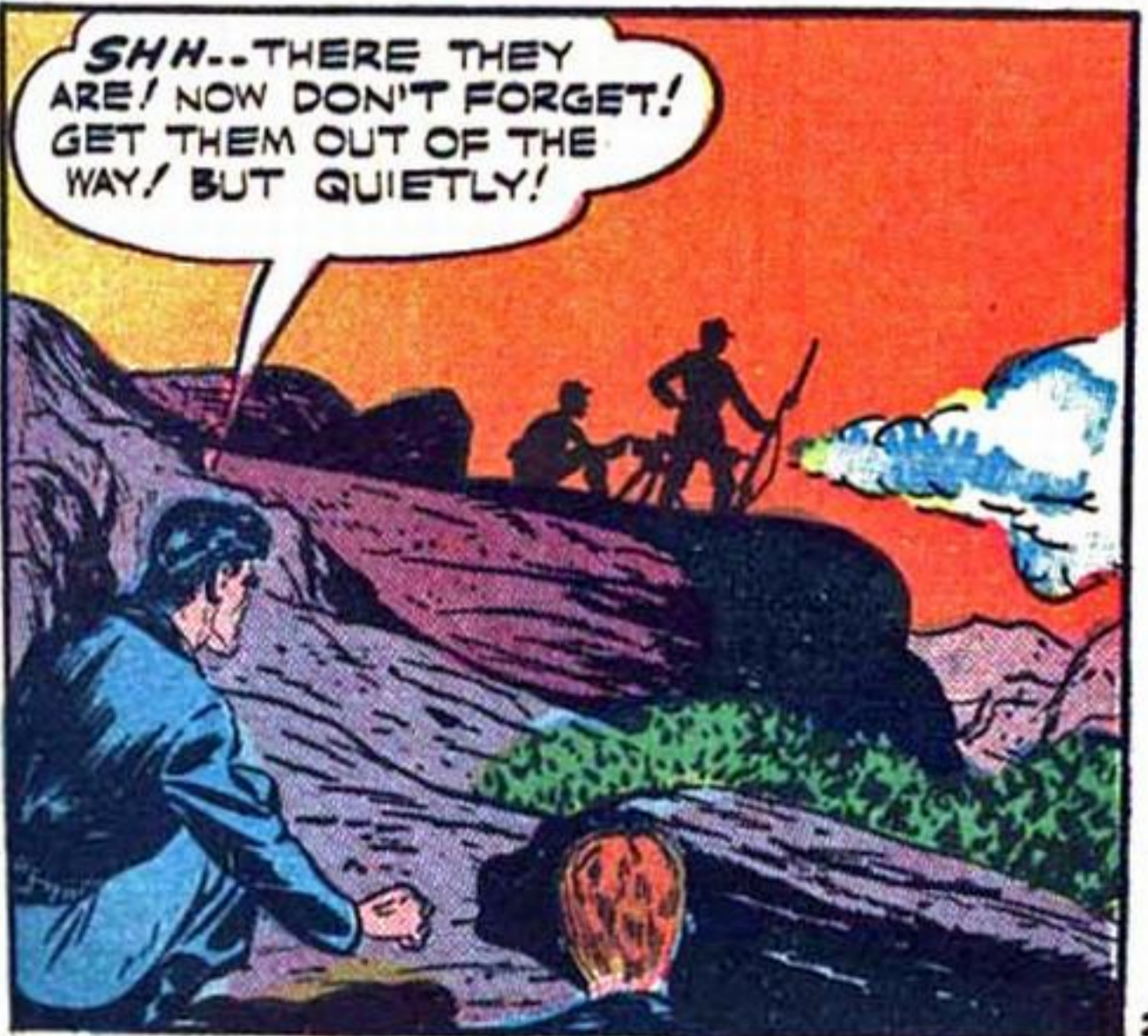
SKIRTING THE ENEMY CAMP, THEY FIND A CLEARING BEHIND THE JAP LINES...



A PERFECT LANDING!



CAREFUL, MICKEY.. THE SENTRIES ARE SOMEWHERE ABOUT!



SHH.. THERE THEY ARE! NOW DON'T FORGET! GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY! BUT QUIETLY!



SURPRISE!



WHAT COULD BE QUIETER? **THIS GUY** WON'T COME TO FOR DAYS... ..**IF EVER..**



THIS PLACE IS EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THOSE SENTRIES! THOSE JAPS MUST BE SCOUTING AROUND! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND IN THIS REGIMENTAL HOUSE!



VERY INTERESTING! LOOK, MICKEY... PLANS FOR A **SECRET WEAPON!**



DID YOU LOSE SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN?



HO! SO MY GUESTS ARE THE **FLYING DRAGONS!** AND I SUPPOSE YOUR GUERRILLA FRIENDS ARE WAITING NEARBY!



I HOPE YOU BOTH ARE COMFORTABLE! MY CHINESE ORDERLY WILL PERFORM A BIT OF TORTURE WHILE I PREPARE AN AMBUSH ON YOUR FRIENDS!



YOU CHINESE TRAITOR! STAY BACK!



DO NOT FEAR! I AM ONE OF YOU! STILL NOW! I'LL UNTIE YOU!

NOW, KNOCK ME UNCONSCIOUS, SO THAT WHEN YOU ARE MISSED, NO SUSPICION WILL BE CAST UPON ME!

WELL!



I HATE TO DO THIS.. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT!



YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN.. BUT MY FIST DOESN'T FEEL THE SAME!

HEY! HANK, LOOK!



JAP SENTRIES! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO, MICKEY!..



WHAT GOES ON HERE?? UGGHHH!

GOOD WORK, MICKEY!



I WONDER WHAT YOKUMA IS DOING IN THERE. SO L... AAEEE!!



LATER.. TWO JAP SOLDIERS EXIT..

WALK SLOWLY! JUST AS IF WE WERE TAKING A WALK!





WE'VE MADE IT!
HURRY NOW! WE'VE
GOT TO **WARN**
THE GUERRILLAS!



ARE YOU ALL
SET, MEN??
WHAT THE..??
THE **FLYING
DRAGONS!**



IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**
HOW DID THEY ESCAPE?
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE
IN THAT CHINESE
FOR THIS!



**KNOCKED
SENSELESS!**
**THIS SHOULD
AWAKEN YOU!**
YOU FOOL!



MEANWHILE..

THERE ARE
THE **JAPS** NOW!
LET'S GIVE
IT TO 'EM!



TAKE **THAT**
YOU **KILLERS!**



WE'VE GOT THE **AMBUSHERS**
OUT OF THE WAY.. BUT WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY BEFORE
THE **MAIN BODY** OF
TROOPS ARRIVE!



THE ENEMY TAKEN BY SURPRISE IS SOON MADE SHORT ORDER OF, BY THE VALIANT CHINESE GUERRILLAS...



AND SO, THE FLYING DRAGONS FLY ONWARD TOWARDS FURTHER ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLACK HOOD COMICS



MEET THE FLYING DRAGON

CURTISS A-25 DIVE BOMBER



THIS NEW PLANE HAS GREATER SPEED RANGE AND STRIKING POWER THAN ANY OTHER DIVE BOMBER! THE A-25 IS AN ARMY VERSION OF THE CURTISS SBZC-1 HELL DIVER!

1700 H.P WRIGHT CYCLONE SUPER CHARGED ENGINE!

REAR GUN

RETRACTABLE LANDING GEAR, AND TAIL WHEEL

AILERONS HAVE ALUMINUM ALLOY FRAMES AND ARE FABRIC COVERED!



Bill Vignola

THE BEGIN-AIRE

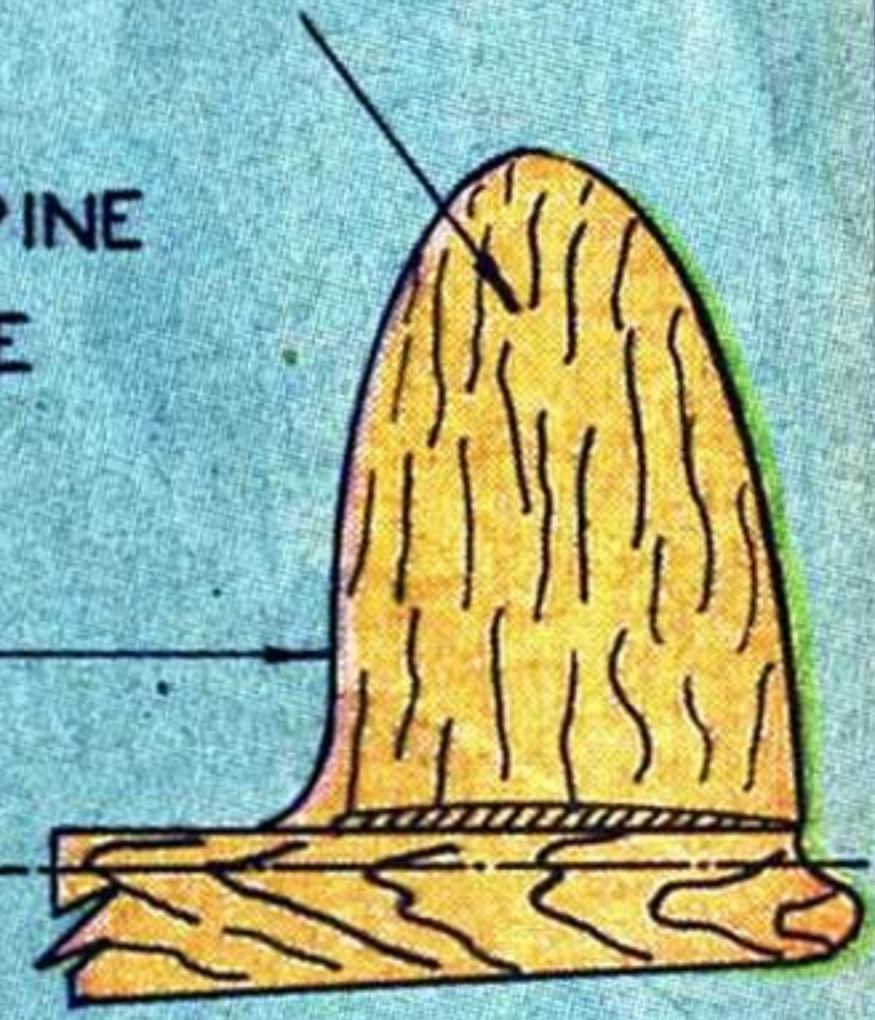
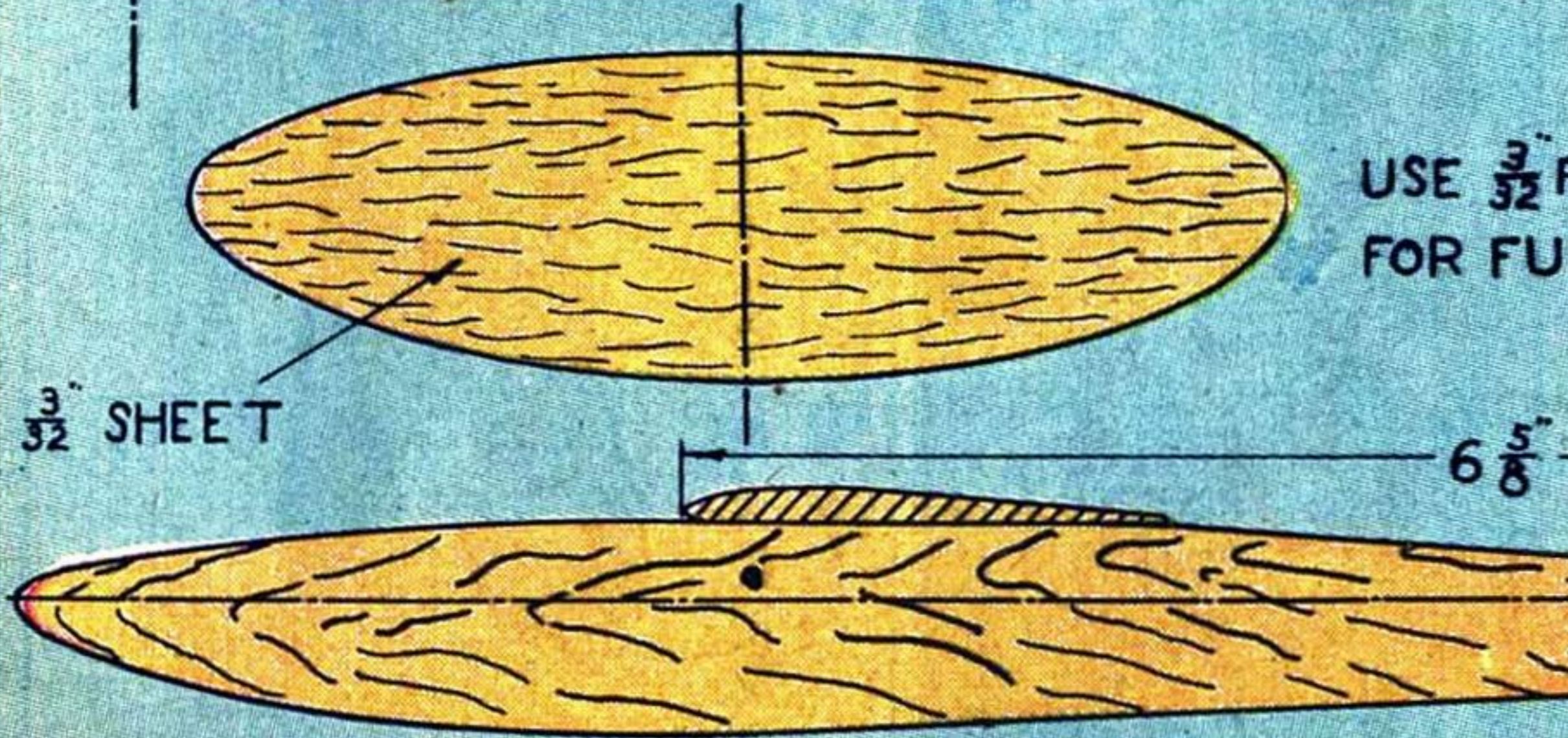
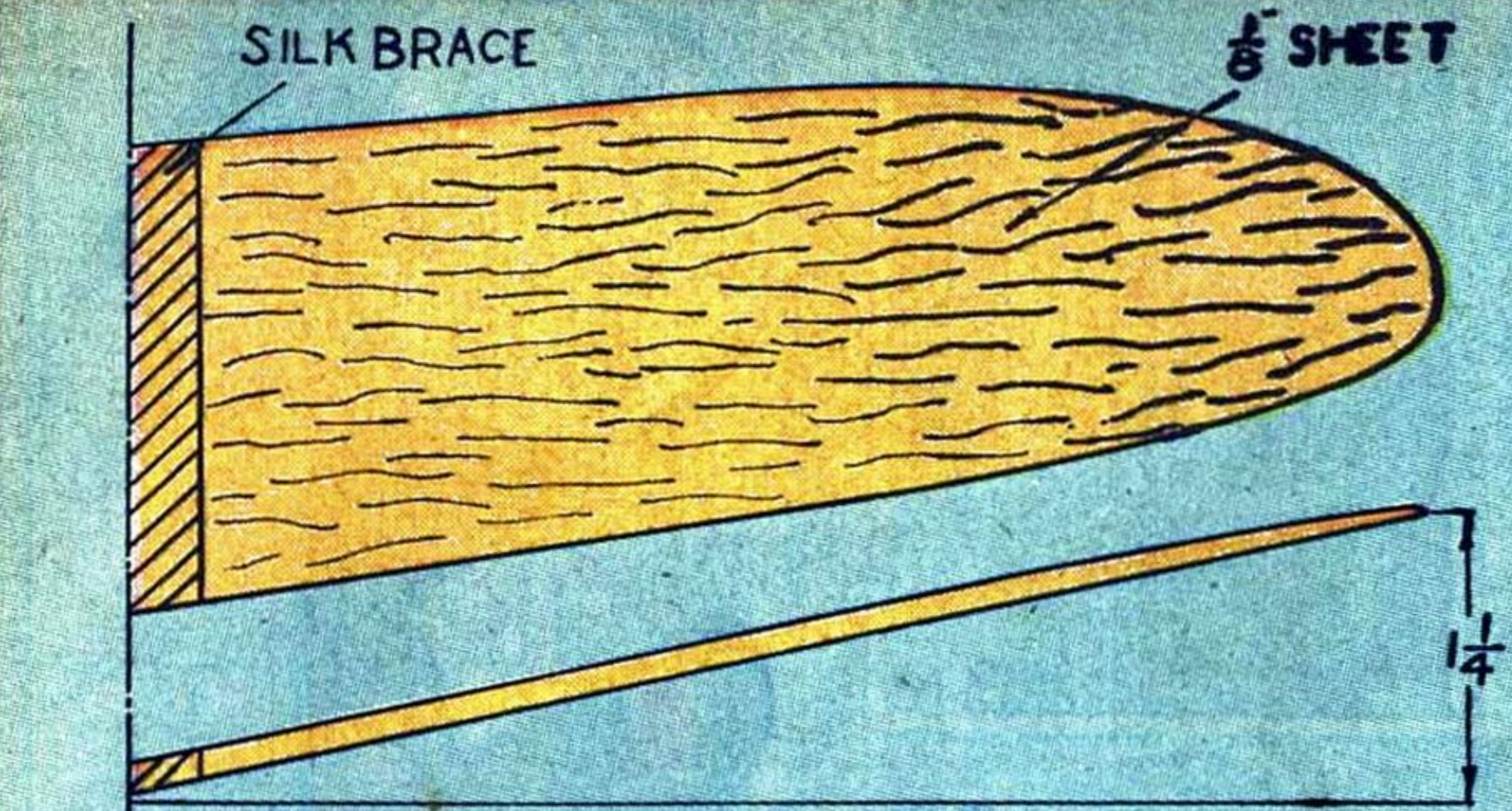
DESIGNER: C. VERDI

DRAWN: L. BUCALO

NOTE ALL VIEWS FULL SIZE UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED

RUDDER CUT FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ FLAT BALSA

USE $\frac{3}{32}$ FLAT PINE FOR FUSELAGE



BUILDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BEGIN-AIRE

ALL PARTS ARE FULL SIZE ON THE PLANE SO IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO TRACE THEM.

SELECT A HARD PIECE OF $\frac{1}{4}$ SHEET Balsa OR $\frac{1}{8}$ PINE FOR YOUR FUSELAGE CUT TO SHAPE; BEING CAREFUL TO LEAVE THE SECTIONS WHERE WING AND TAIL ARE MOUNTED FLAT. SAND BODY TO STREAMLINE SHAPE. MAKE THE WINGS FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ SHEET MEDIUM STOCK. CUT TO CORRECT OUTLINE AND THEN SAND AN AIRFOIL SECTION INTO ENTIRE WING, TAPERING THE SECTION TOWARD THE TIPS. CRACK AND GLUE DIHEDRAL INTO A WING. ALLOW TO DRY THOROUGHLY, THEN GIVE THREE COATS OF DOPE WITH SANDINGS BETWEEN EACH COAT. BALANCE WING TO MAKE SURE ONE SIDE IS NOT HEAVIER THAN THE OTHER. ATTACH TO FUSELAGE BY GROOVING A "V" SECTION INTO THE FUSELAGE TO RECEIVE THE WING. USE THREE COATS OF GLUE AND SLICKBRACE ON TOP FOR A STRONG JOINT. CUT OUT STABILIZER AND RUDDER FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ MEDIUM STOCK. SAND TO STREAMLINE SECTIONS. FINISH OFF WITH COAT OF DOPE AND ANOTHER SANDING. ATTACH TO BODY, CHECKING TO SEE THAT THE TAIL AND WINGS LINE UP IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER.

IF DESIRED, FUSELAGE MAY BE GIVEN A THIN COAT OF GLUE AND SANDED FOR GLOSSINESS AND STRENGTH. BALANCE BY ADDING CLAY UNTIL THE FLATTEST GLIDE IS OBTAINED. TWIST THE RUDDER SO THAT THE GLIDER CIRCLES WITHOUT GOING INTO A SPIN. LAUNCH INTO WIND, THROWING GLIDER AS YOU WOULD A BALL.

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

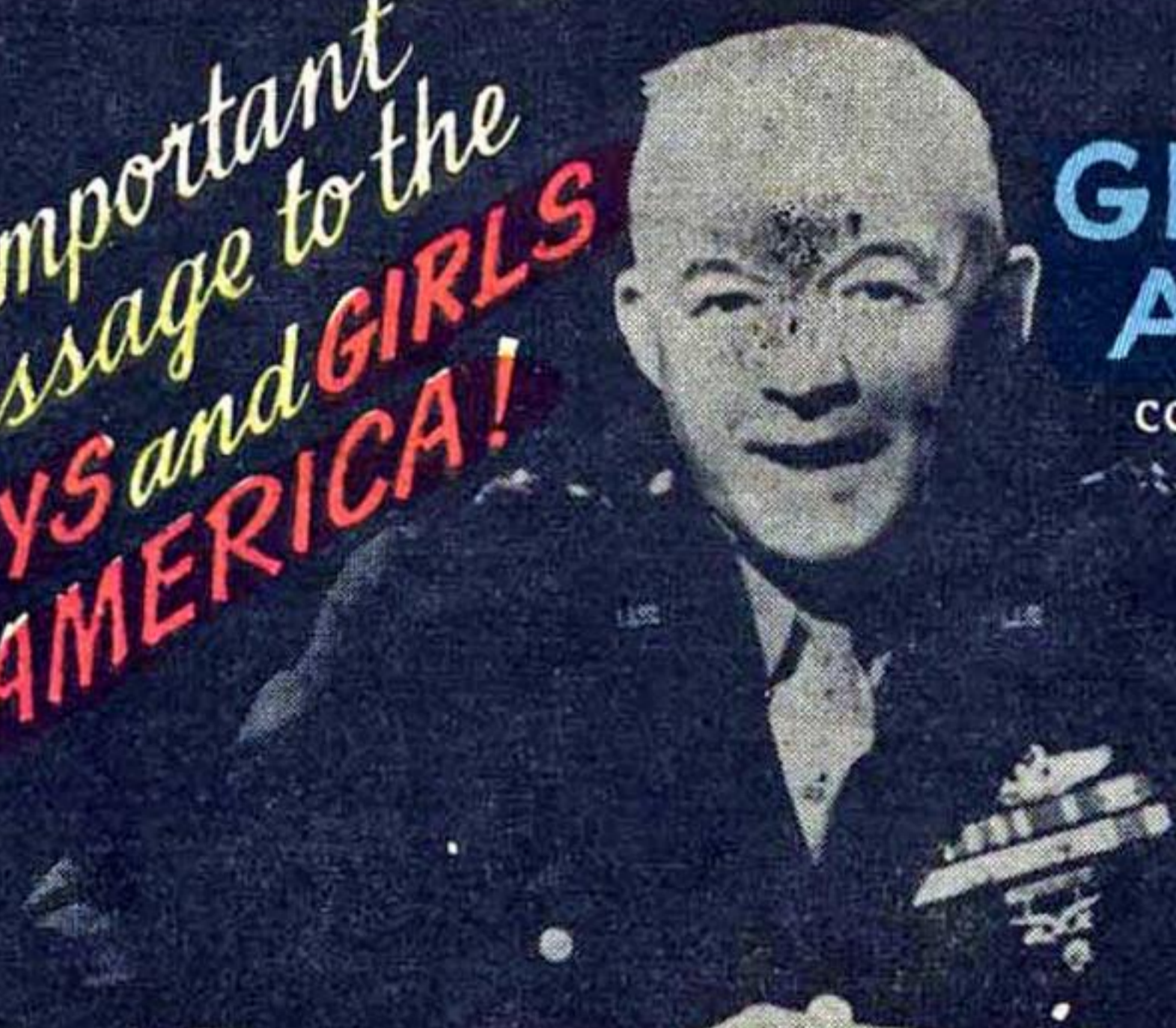
HERE'S HOW TO JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, M.L.V. PUBLICATIONS, 241 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.** THEN WATCH **BLACK HOOD COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST!

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An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of **AMERICA!**

from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U.S. ARMY
AIR FORCES



WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,

Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

The *Black Hood* HOOD

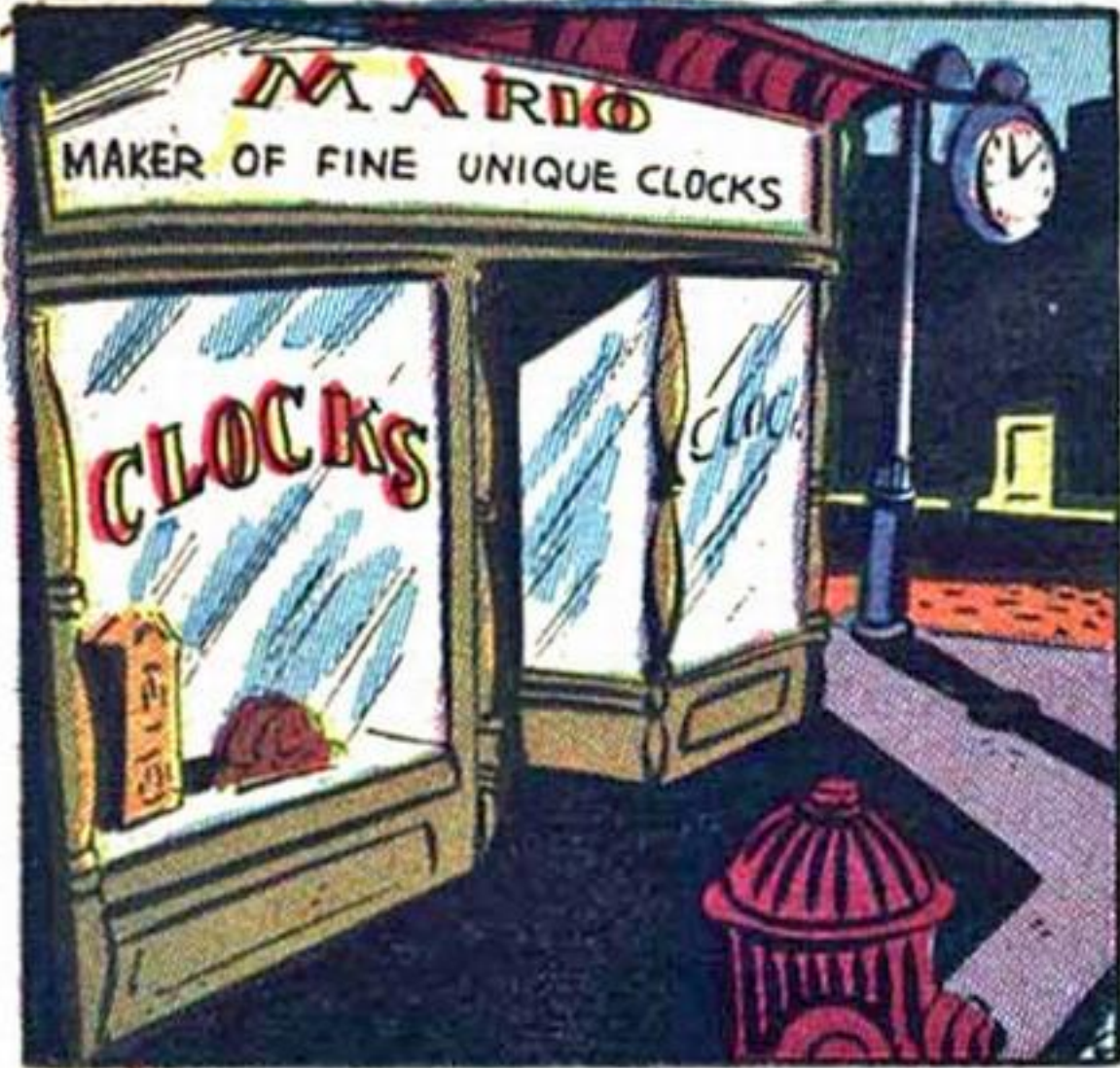
MAN
OF
MYSTERY

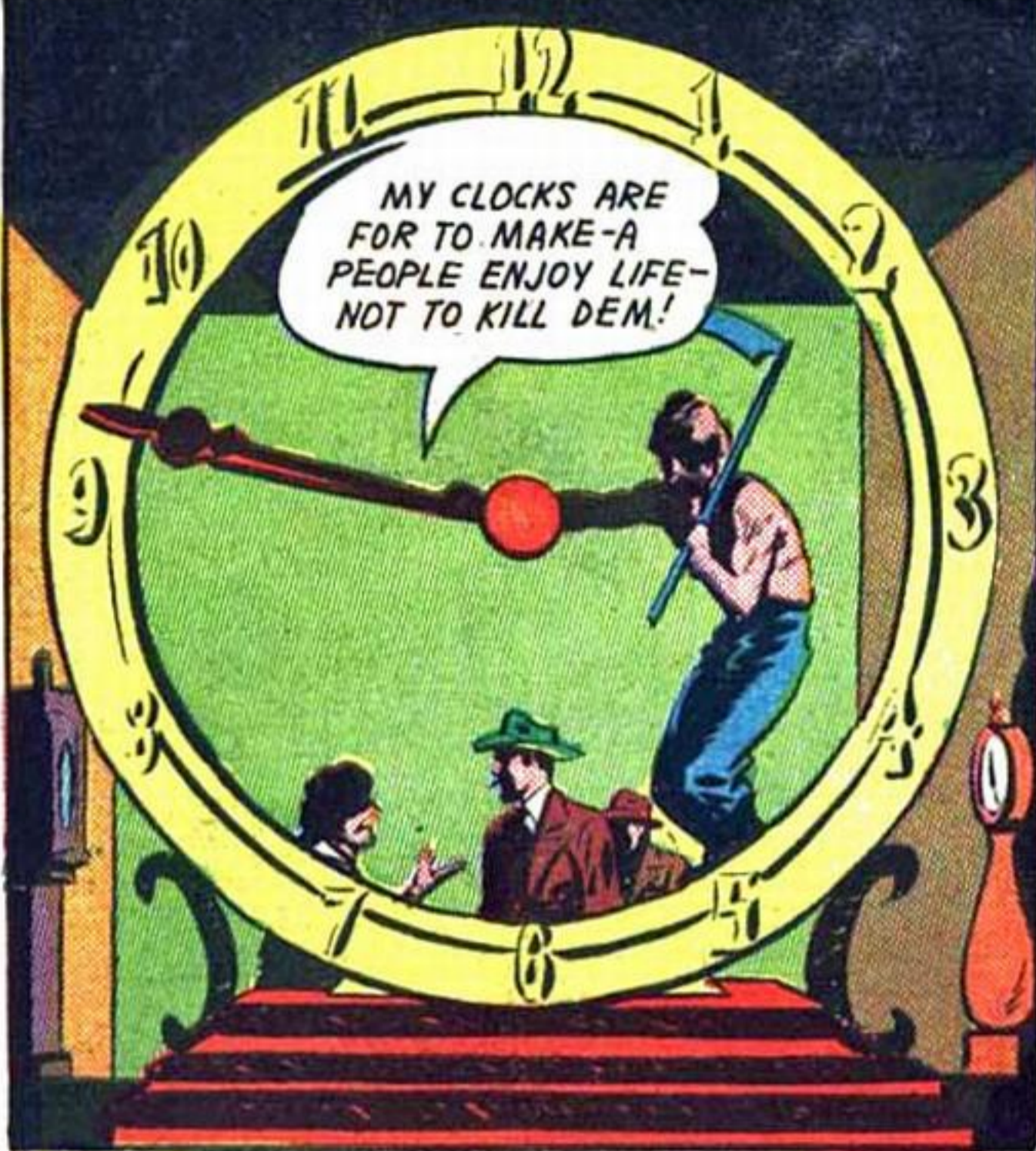


VENGEANCE

FROM THE

GRAVE





MY CLOCKS ARE FOR TO MAKE-A PEOPLE ENJOY LIFE- NOT TO KILL DEM!



I KNOW YOU WANT-A TO USE-A IT FOR TO MURDER SOME-BODY - NOT DA PRACTICAL JOKE LIKE YOU TRY TO MAKE-A ME THINK. I NO GONNA HELP YOU NOW - GET-A OUT!

MEANWHILE DOWN THE STREET, PATROL MAN KIP BURLAND MAKES HIS REPORT...



WELL, THAT'S THAT!



HMM... LIGHTS ARE STILL ON IN MARIO'S. I'LL DROP IN AND SAY GOODNIGHT!



NO WHERE AROUND... GUESS HE'S WORKING IN THE SHOP IN THE BACK. OH WELL, I WON'T BOTHER HIM!



MY WATCH SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE FAST!

I HAVE A LITTLE MORE TIME THAN I THOUGHT BEFORE I CLOCK IN AT THE STATION HOUSE!



LATER-AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

WELL- IT'S ABOUT TIME YA SHOWED UP! WHERE IN SAM HILL YA BEEN?



WHAT'S EATING YOU MCGINTY? I'M HERE ON TIME!

IN A PIG'S EYE YOU ARE. YER A HALF HOUR LATE!



BUT I JUST CHECKED MY WATCH WITH ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCK'S AND MARIO IS NEVER WRONG!

WELL, HE IS THIS TIME! HERE- CALL THE OPERATOR AND CHECK THE TIME!



HELLO, OPERATOR - MAY I HAVE THE RIGHT TIME PLEASE? - IT IS EH? THANK YOU -



YOU'RE RIGHT SARGE. ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCK'S IS WRONG FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I KNOW HIM-SOME-THING FUNNY ABOUT THAT!



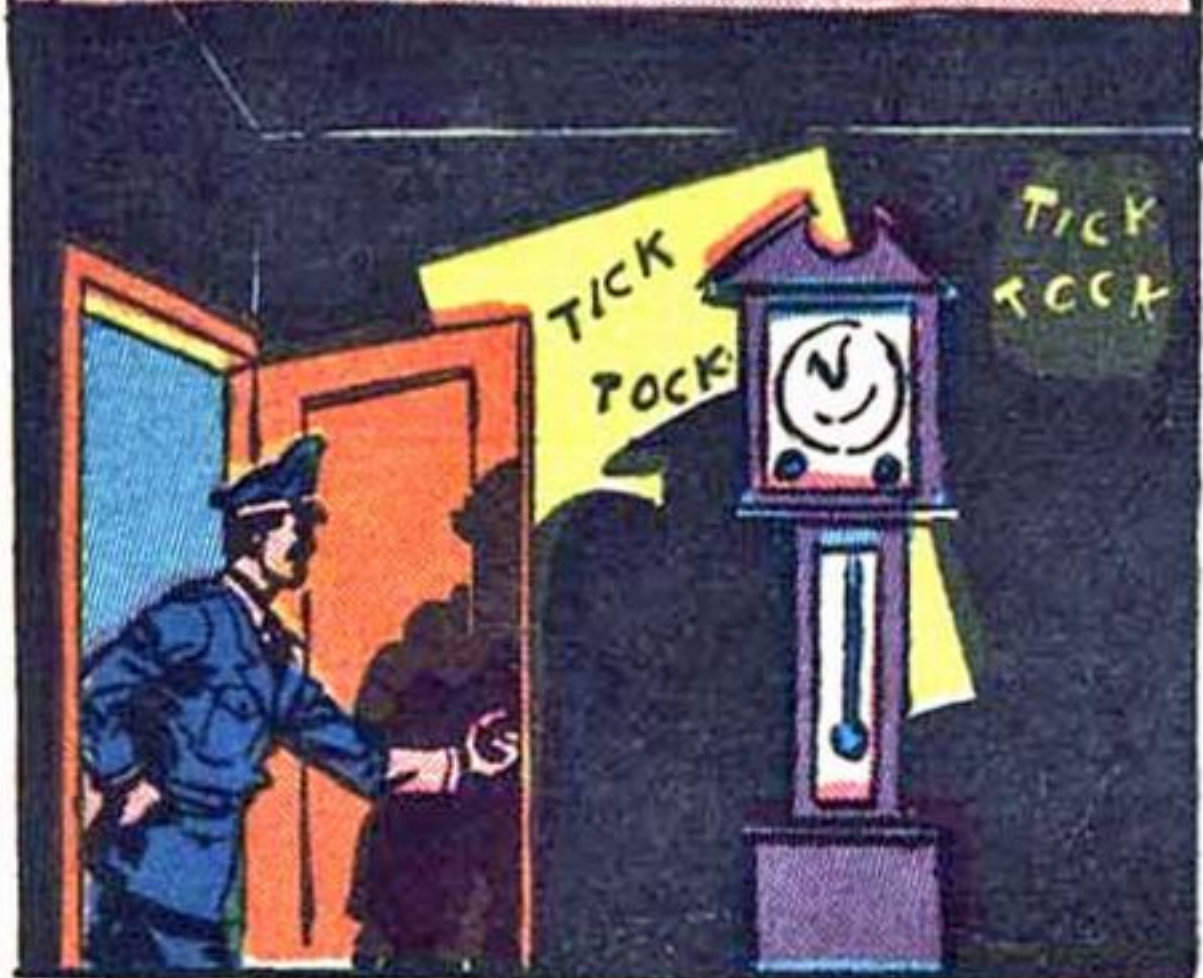
NOW DON'T TELL ME YA SMELL A CRIME BECAUSE A CLOCK STOPPED, DAGNABBIT!

JUST THE SAME IT DOESN'T HURT TO GO BACK AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



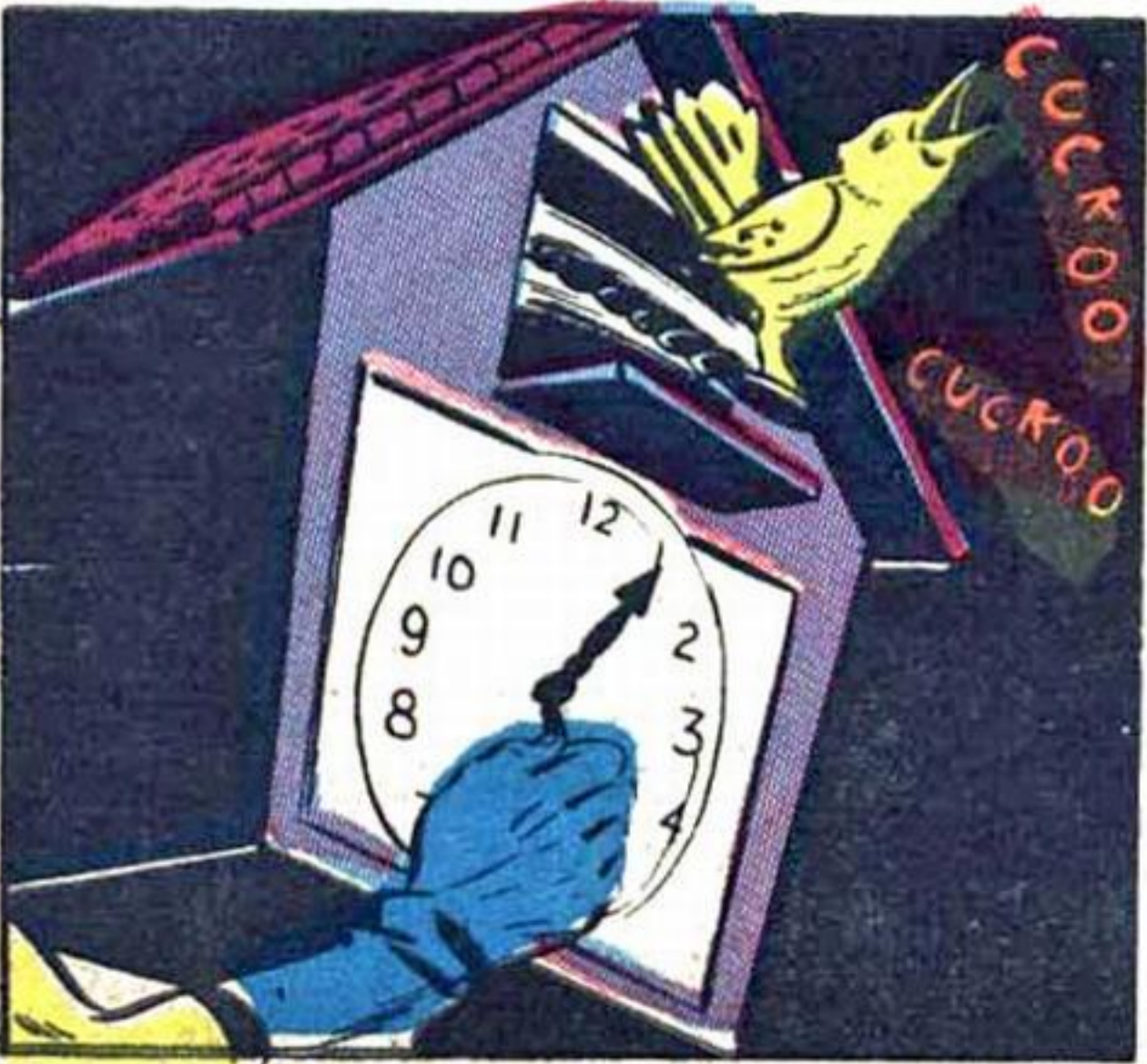
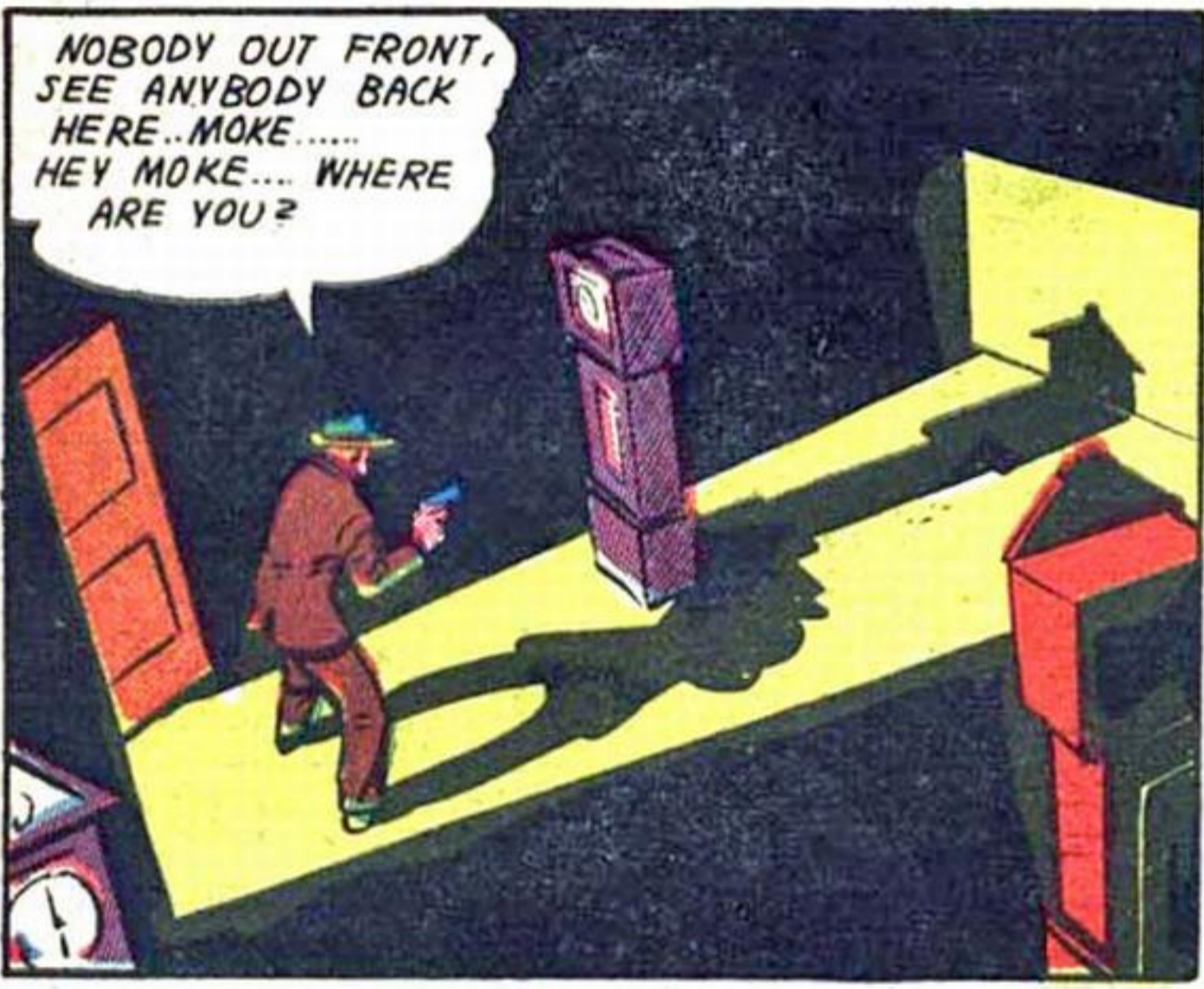
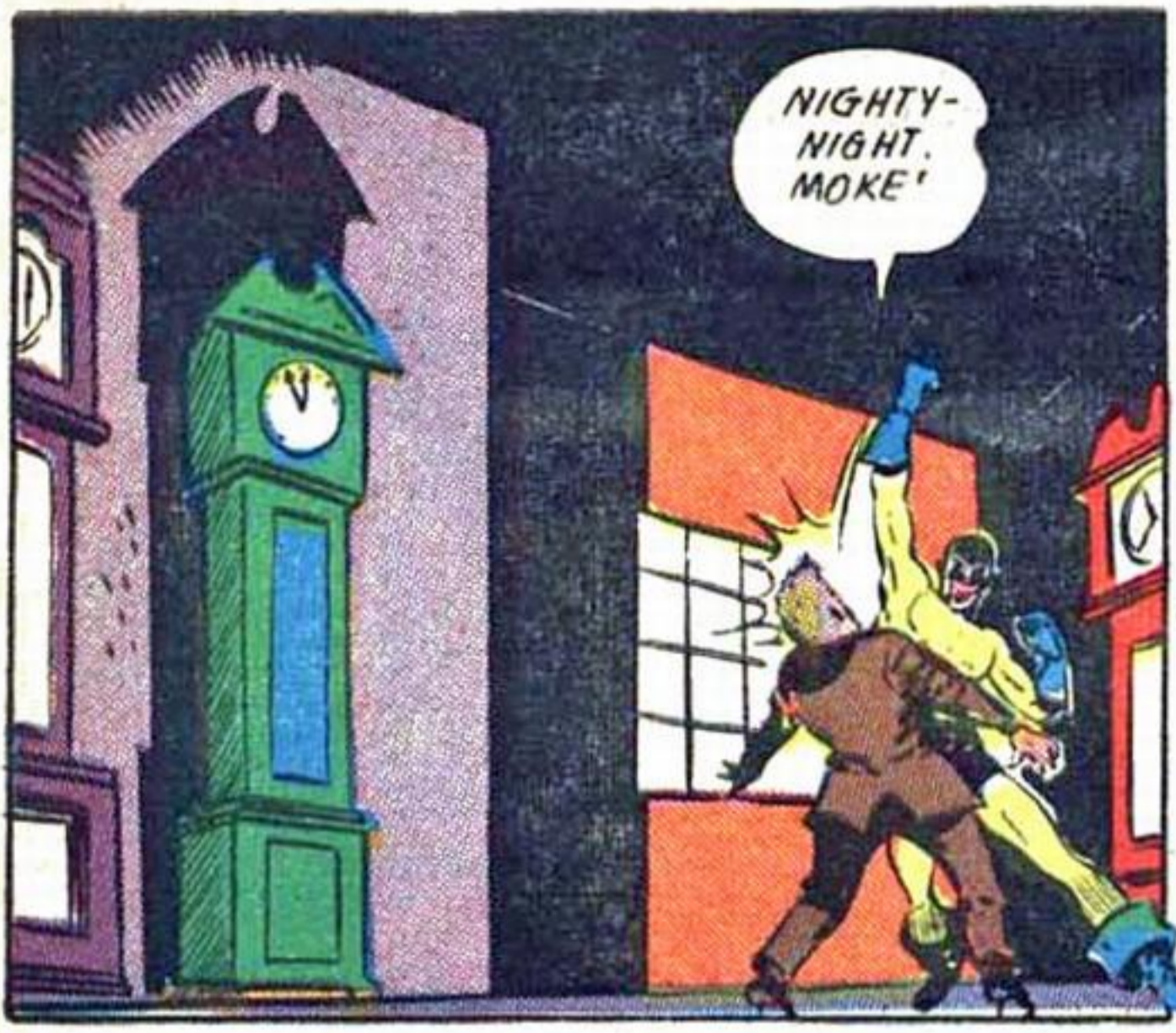


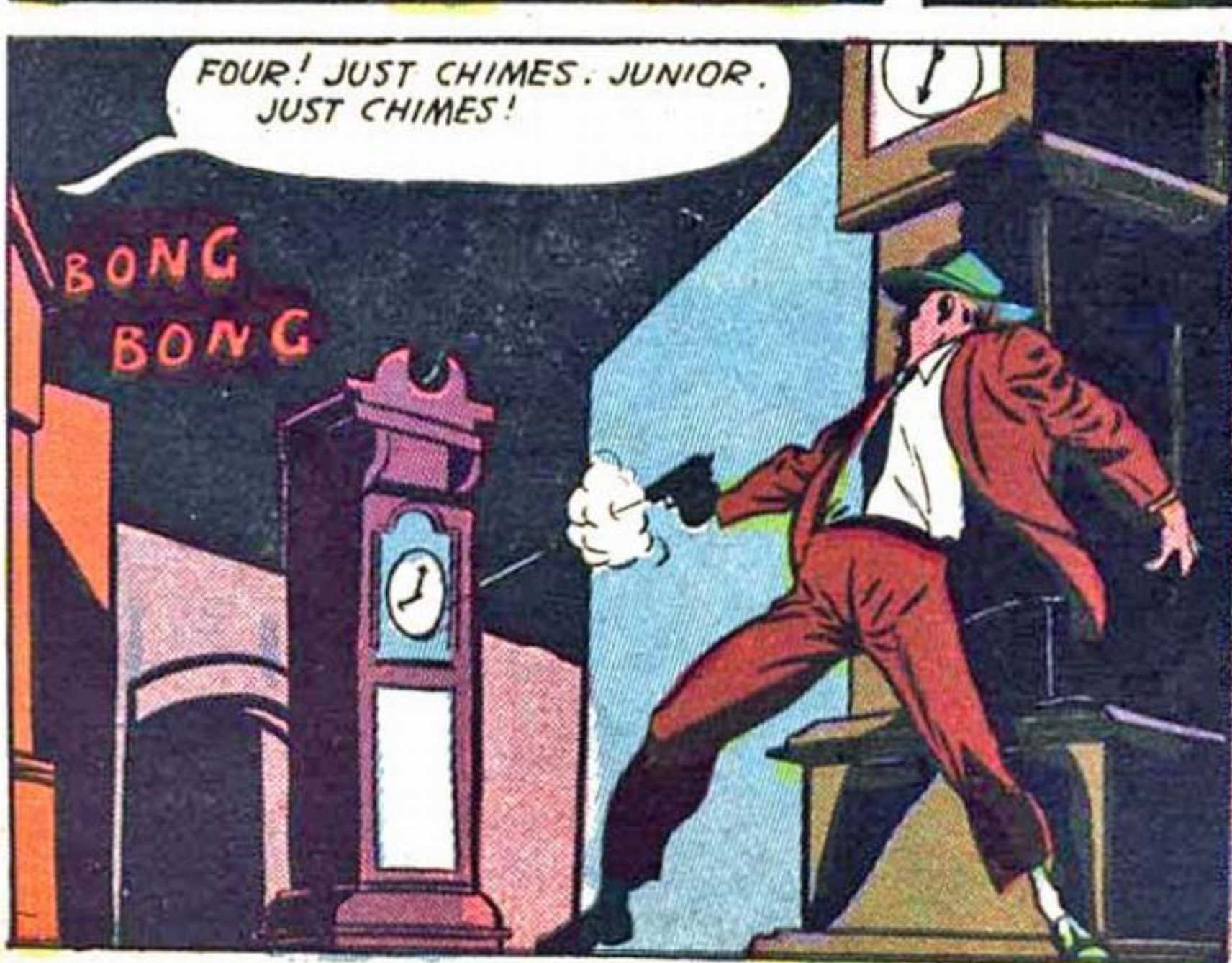
A SHORT WHILE LATER, KIP REACHES MARIO'S SHOP...













TH...THE...
BLACK HOOD!
UGH!

SIX!
AND YOU DON'T
GET THE CIGAR!



CLICK

THAT'S ALL
BROTHER - YOUR
GUN'S EMPTY!



HANDY THINGS, FISTS!
THEY NEVER RUN OUT
OF AMMUNITION, ROCCO!



NOW I'LL
JUST GET YOUR
PARTNER IN
CRIME, AND...



THE ONLY THING
YOU'RE GETTIN' IS A
WOODEN KIMONO,
HOOD!

OOOF!



NICE GOIN', MOKE. QUICK,
GIMME YOUR GAT! I'LL FINISH
HIM OFF BEFORE HE COMES
TO!

GIVE IT TO HIM
ROCCO!

BOOM!

RAT-TAT-TAT

WHEW. TALK ABOUT
CLOSE SHAVES...THOSE
MACHINE GUN BULLETS
CAME FROM ONE OF
MARIO'S CLOCK'S!

THE CLOCK THESE KILLERS
WERE LOOKING FOR I THINK
I GET THE SET-UP NOW!

HELLO - MCGINTY?... KIP BURLAND TALKING. COME DOWN TO MARIO'S RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GOT ONE OF MY "FANCY THEORIES" TO SHOW YOU!



LATER...

G-GOSH N-WHAT HAPPENED?

RECOGNIZE THEM... ROCCO AND MOKE FORMERLY THE RING-LEADERS OF KILLERS INCORPORATED!



THEY MUST'VE TRIED TO GET FANCY WITH THEIR KILLINGS, AND GOT MARIO TO MAKE UP A CLOCK WITH A BUILT IN MACHINE GUN. MAYBE GIVE IT TO ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS AS A PRESENT!



MARIO PROBABLY BACKED DOWN AT THE LAST MINUTE. SO THEY KILLED HIM AND TRIED TO FIND IT THEMSELVES. FORTUNATELY FOR ME, THE CLOCK WAS SET TO GO OFF AT ONE!



WELL, I'LL BE...

HEY - BY THE WAY - WHERE'S MY WATCH?

YOUR WATCH? OH! HEH-HEH - MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, MCGINTY.. YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY!



GULP... MY... MY BEAUTIFUL WATCH! RUINED! WHY.. YOU I OUGHTA.. HEY WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T MY WATCH!



IT'S YOURS! HERE'S YER INITIALS K.B.!

IT COULDN'T BE - MINE'S IN MY POCKET HERE... OH, OH, IT'S YOURS!

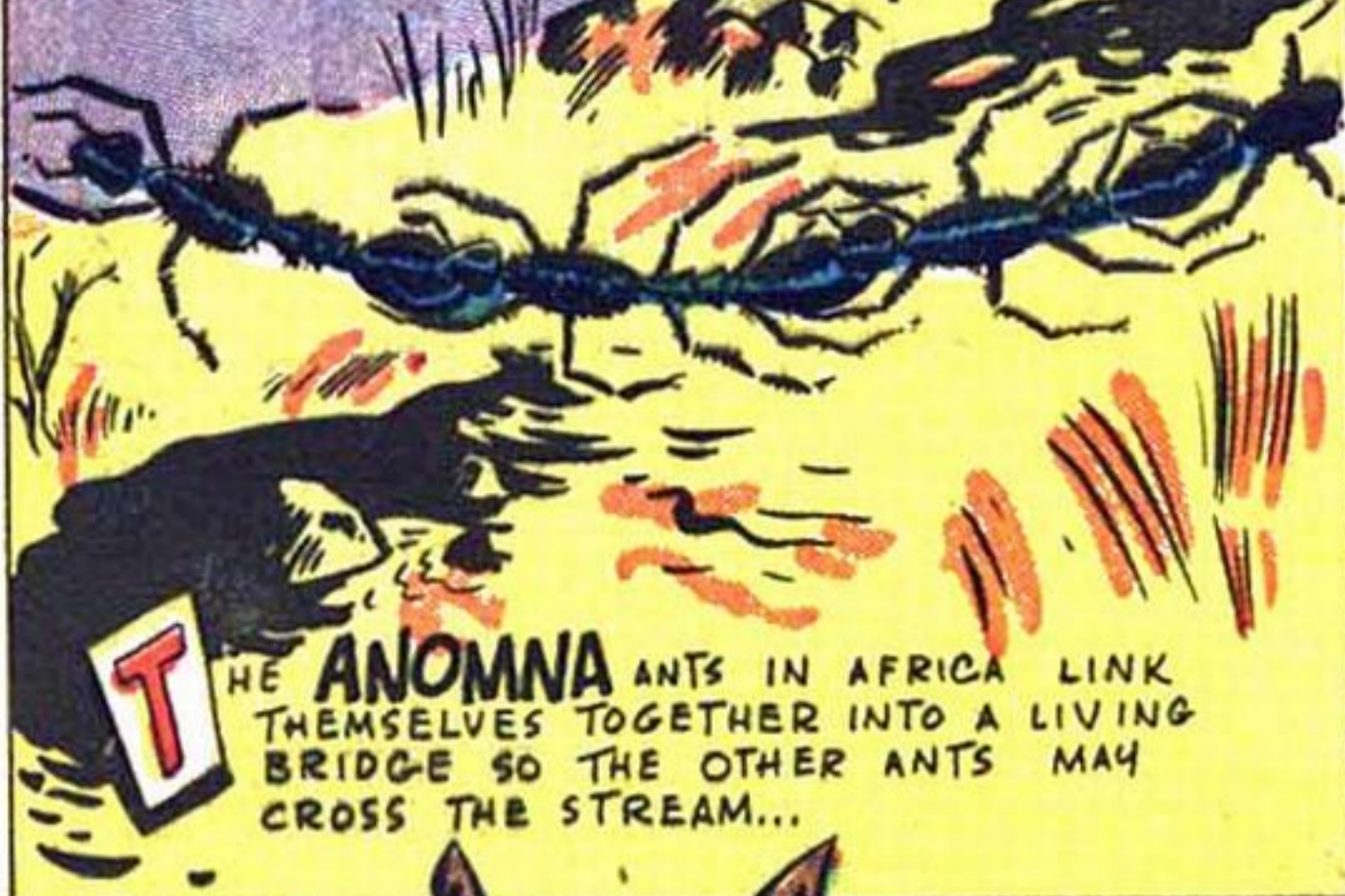


RATS!

MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, KIP, HEH HEH... KEEP COOL WHILE I GO FOR HOMICIDE



WORLD WONDERS



THE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM...



PARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



CERTAIN RODENTS OF THE LIBYA AND SAHARA DESERTS **NEVER DRINK** FROM THE TIME THEY ARE BORN UNTIL THEY DIE... THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.

THE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS **350** FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS **12** INCHES... ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES **3000** YEARS....



FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

with this offer



**COMPLETE
READY
TO USE**



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S EYE

PACKED WITH 1,000 PICTURES

This sensational volume is easy to read, thrilling to follow, simple to understand. Photographs explain the text, picture-diagrams illustrate the stories, and pictorial life-stories simplify the exciting information. There are dozens of absorbing chapters on thousands of animals, plants and human life. Hundreds and hundreds of pictures of every kind and size, and even wonderful panoramic pictures OVER A FOOT WIDE. Learn nature and science the quick, new, easy, picture-story way. Your friends will soon be

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EXAMINE IT FREE

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50 WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK

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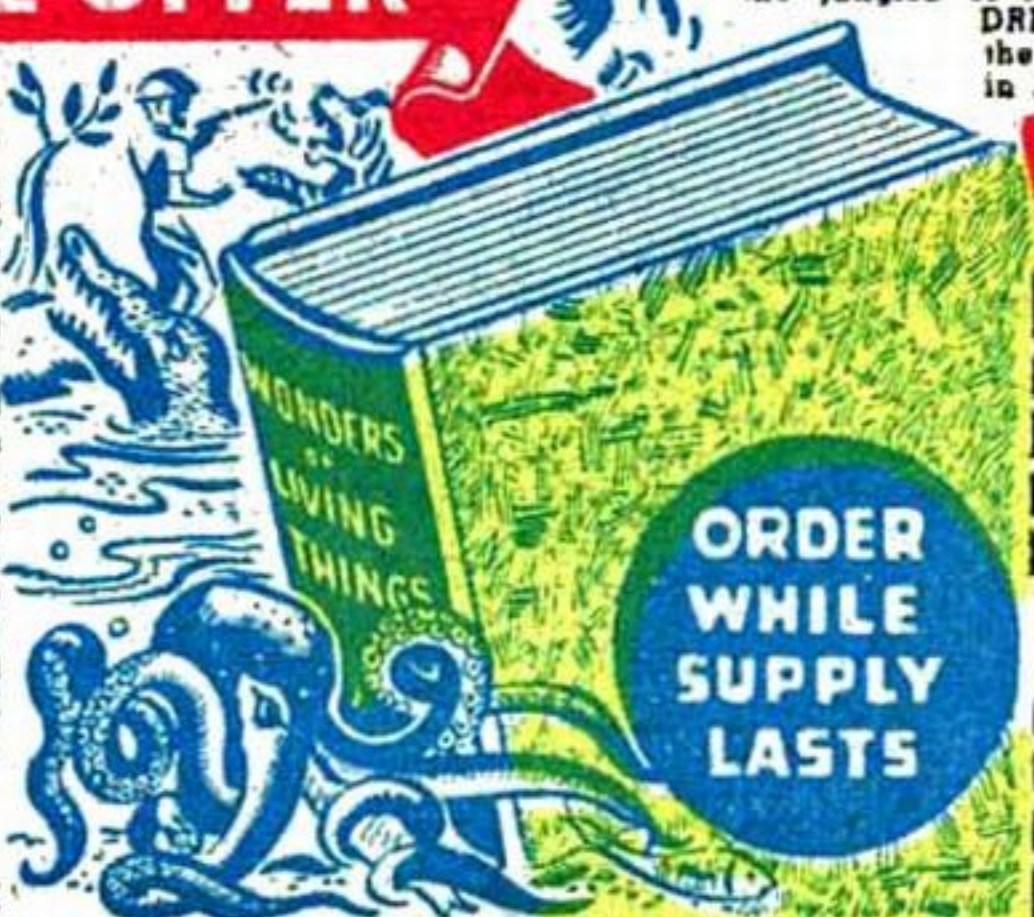
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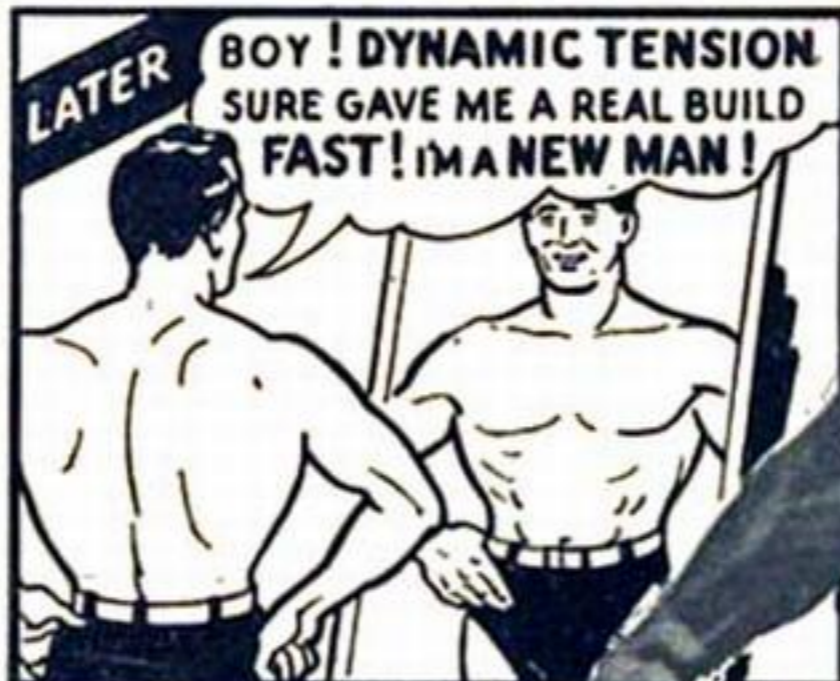
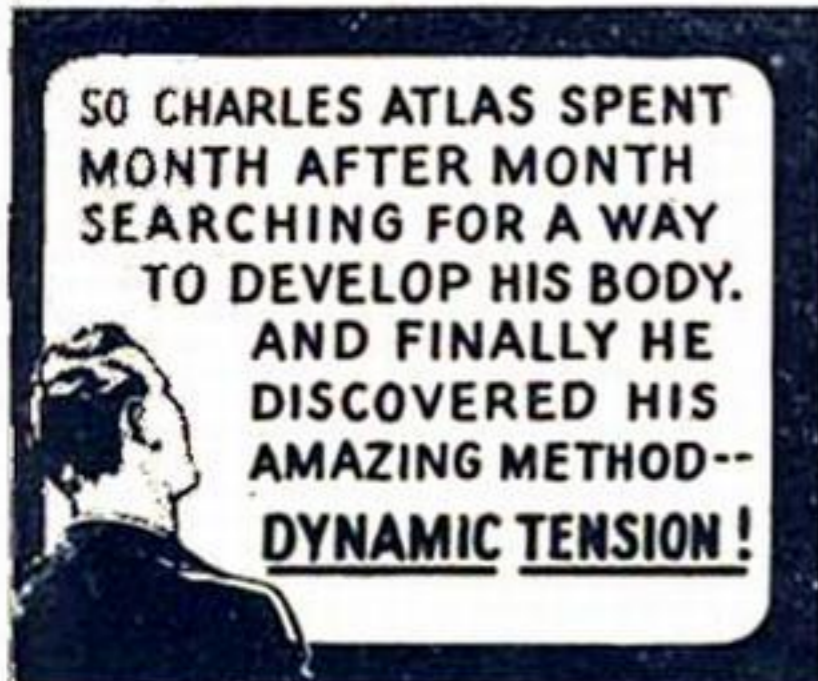
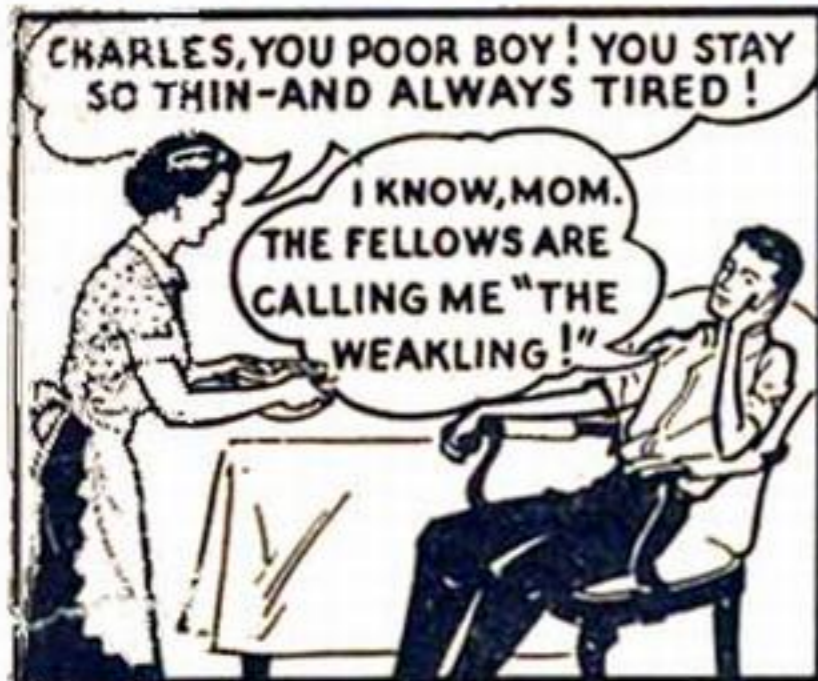
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